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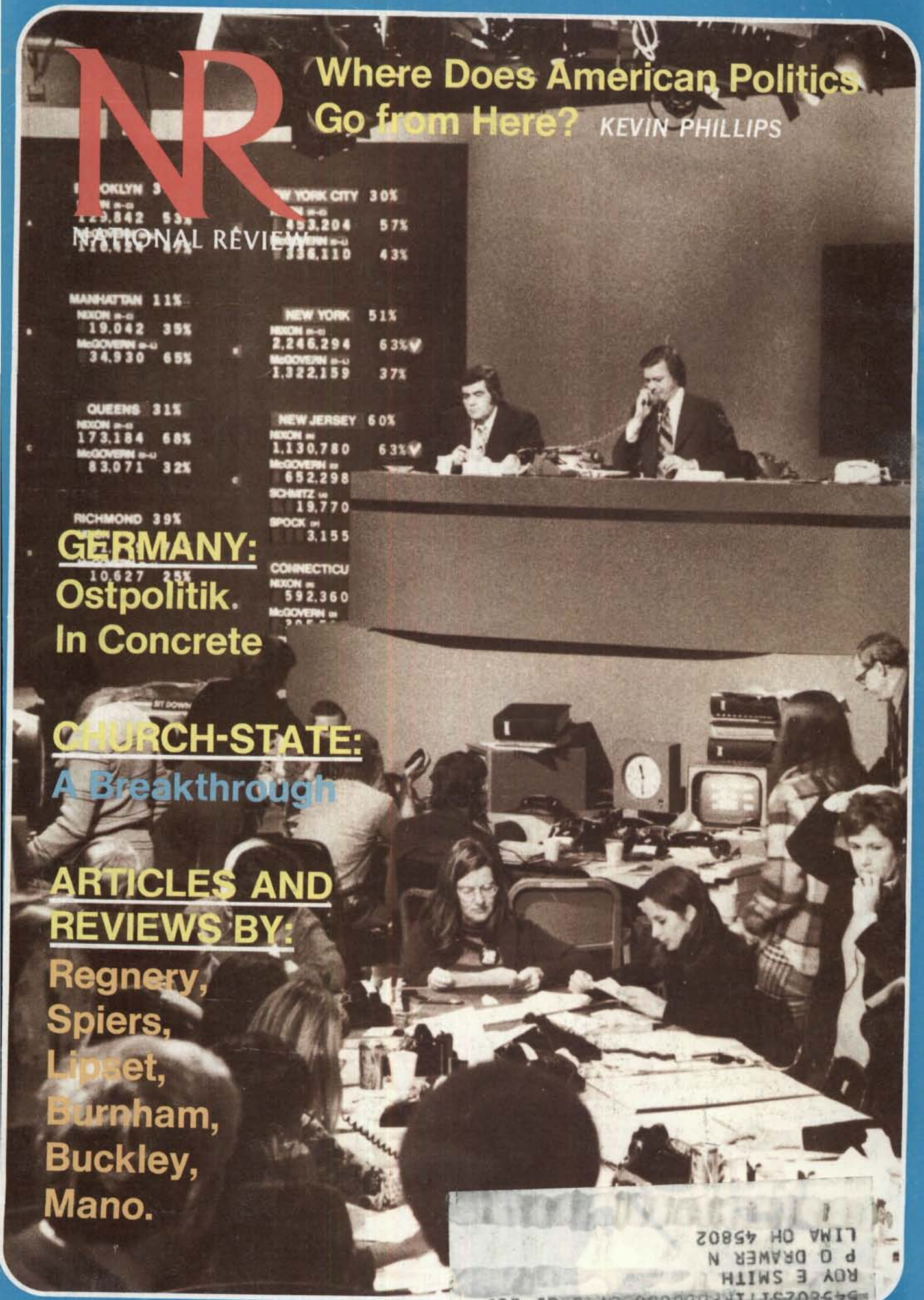
DECEMBER 22, 1972



NR

NATIONAL REVIEW

Where Does American Politics Go from Here?

KEVIN PHILLIPS

GERMANY:

Ostpolitik. In Concrete

CHURCH-STATE:

A Breakthrough

ARTICLES AND REVIEWS BY:

Regnery, Spiers, Lipset, Burnham, Buckley, Mano.

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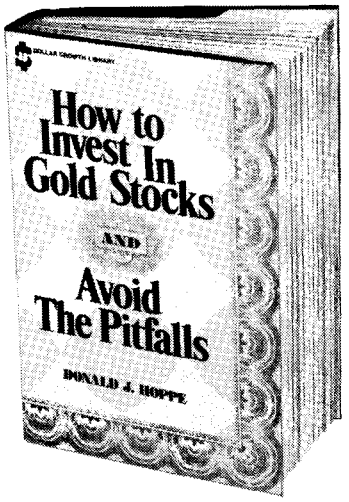
Gold expert Donald J. Hoppe shows you what to do



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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 50 DECEMBER 22, 1972

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . Republicans and conservatives get a talking-to from demographer **Kevin Phillips**, whose book *The Emerging Republican Majority* pointed the way to the Nixon victory of 1972. In '68, '70 and this year, he says, the GOP won "negative victories" against the elitists of the New Politics crowd. If the party would endure and prosper, it must take the next step and build a permanent coalition embracing traditional Republicans and anti-elitist elements of the old Democratic coalition. Conservatives will have an important role in the new coalition—if they recognize that they no longer represent an elite, and if they can "go activist." . . . Two experts report on Germany in the age of Ostpolitik: Veteran correspondent **Norbert Muhlen** studies the recent election, and longtime Germanophile **Henry Regnery** detects stresses and strains beneath the country's prosperous surface. . . . Debuts: **Nena Ossa** has returned to her native Chile after several years of study abroad; her dispatches will appear frequently. **Gary Jay Williams** will cover New York theater from the relative safety of New Haven. The distinguished Harvard sociologist **Seymour Martin Lipset** leads off our book section. And we hope **John McKernan** will persuade others to Tell All to NATIONAL REVIEW. —CHS

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Cover photo courtesy of NBC News

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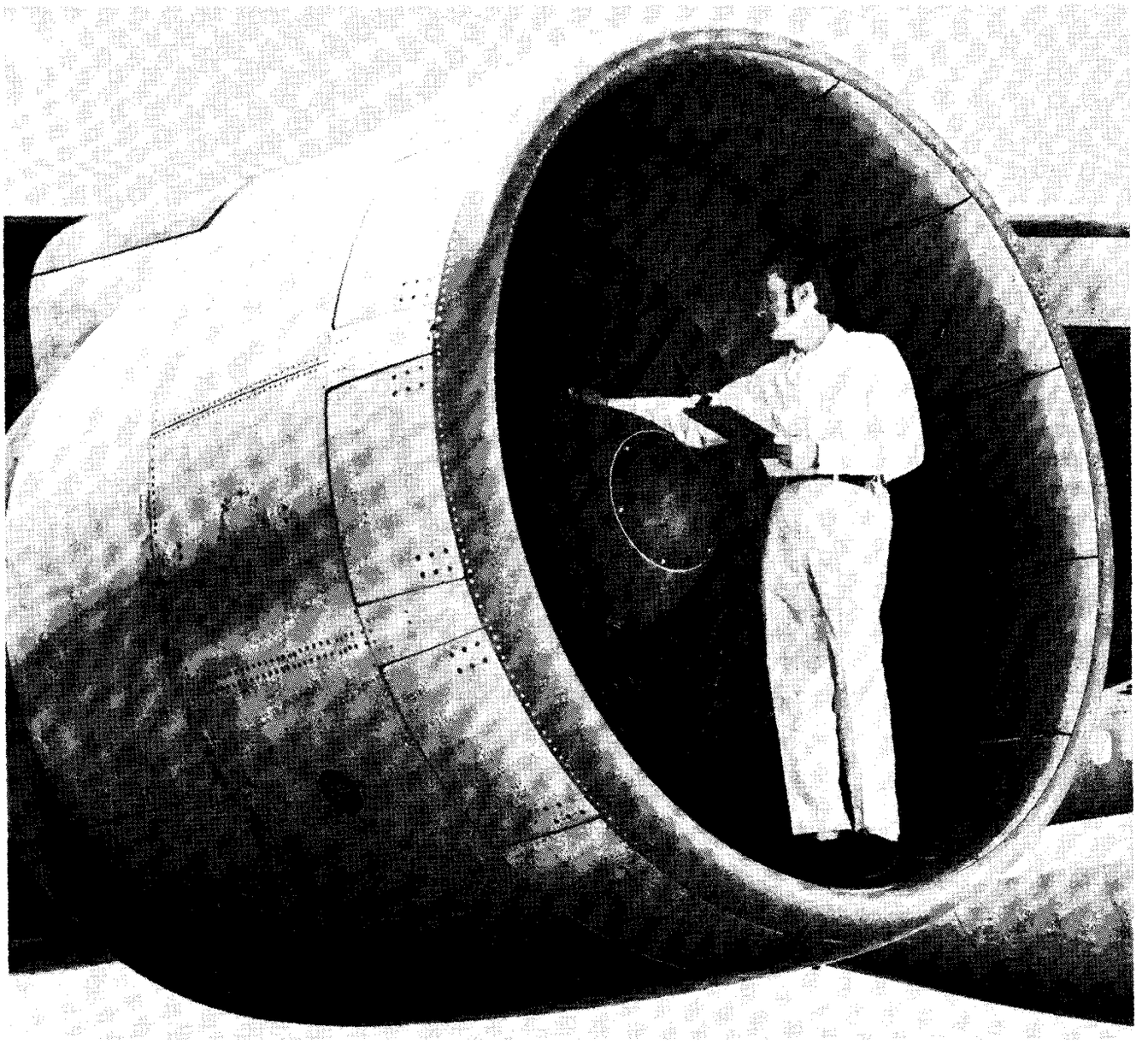

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The Shortest Distance Between People

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Recent mini-antiwar demonstrations show that the peace movement is dying. Who'll pick up the pieces? It's a big fight with, at the moment, the Communists holding most of the cards. The **CP** dominates the **People's Coalition for Peace and Justice** (PCPJ), and that group has enlisted under its banner women (**Women Strike for Peace**, **Women's International League for Peace and Freedom**), veterans (**Vietnam Veterans against the War**), Quakers (**American Friends Service Committee**), students (**National Student Association**), Communists (both the CPUSA and the **Young Workers Liberation League**) and a smattering of farm workers, welfare recipients, Puerto Rican nationalists, etc.—but, interestingly, no major black organization. . . . Doing much less well, the Trotskyist **National Peace Action Coalition** (NPAC) which, the Maoist *Guardian* notes, failed to get them out on the streets on November 18 although it had been "preparing for the mass demonstrations since August." . . . *Militant* (Trotskyist) meanwhile is fighting back; charges that Communist Party mounted a shadow-box presidential campaign this year, a "barely disguised pro-**McGovern** effort." . . . Radicalization of Vietnam Veterans against the War progressing. It was they, says *Guardian*, who fought off anti-Communist Cubans who tried to break up a pro-Fidel rally at Boston's Community Church in mid-November. . . . Out of the past: *Bill of Rights Journal* of party-lining **National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee** has put on its yearly honor list Dr. **Irving Peress**, dentist (of "Who promoted Peress?" fame). And this year's winner of Committee's Tom Paine Award: *NY Times*man Tom Wicker.

■ No changes: Sen. Robert Griffin has written a little note to his Republican colleagues asking them to support him for Whip again next year. Meaning: he won't be bucking for Sen. **Hugh Scott**'s job as Minority Leader. . . . No changes expected on Democratic side either. **Mike Mansfield** and **Robert Byrd** (W. Va.) are expected to be renamed as Majority Leader and Whip. . . . Well-informed Paris paper *Le Figaro* says **Henry Kissinger** has a new plan for peace in the Middle East and that he'll unveil it early in the new year. Among the provisions: a reopened Suez Canal, the establishment of a "Palestinian entity" on the West Bank of the Jordan and in the Gaza Strip. . . . Washington surprised that **Donald Rumsfeld**, regarded as a hotshot in **Nixon** entourage, got the not-so-prestigious job of ambassador to NATO. Commented Rumsfeld (a former congressman and former head of the Office of Economic Opportunity), this assignment would "round out" his education. Some conjecture that Ambassador Rumsfeld might be trotted out against Adlai III in '74. . . . Post-mortems on **Allott** loss in close Colorado senatorial race continue. Some in Colorado believe he lost because of a single tactical error: He thought people were for the Winter Olympics in Denver and campaigned for it, but the people threw it (and Allott with it) out.

Jones, *Toronto Sun* Ben Roth Agency

"Fly me to the antihijacking talks in Washington . . ."

■ A new ready-to-compromise George McGovern. A week before the Democratic National Committee met, he suggested that both **Jean Westwood**, candidate of the outs (McGovernites), and **Robert Strauss**, candidate of the would be-ins (party regulars), take themselves out of the race. . . . A former McGovern backer, West Coast computer executive **Max Palevsky**, reportedly backing campaign for mayor of Los Angeles of City Councilman **Thomas Bradley** a Negro. Bradley came close to upsetting **Sam Yorty** last time around. . . Possible new convert to Democratic Party: Congressman **Pete McCloskey** who says he doesn't want to desert the Republicans, but if the Administration doesn't go his way on civil rights and civil liberties he may be forced to. . . Really worried, the Republicans by the suggestion of **George Wallace** aide **Charles Snider** that if the Democratic Party doesn't move back toward the middle, Wallace might have to take his followers into the enemy camp—i.e. into the Republican Party. . . . Ain no room here for Wallace, says retiring American Party National Chairman **T. Coleman Andrews Jr.**, "Mr. Wallace has gone his way and the party has gone its way." . . . Looks that way: Andrews' successor is AP's '72 vice presidential candidate, editor **Tom Anderson** of Tennessee.

■ Christmas Books Available from the Far Left: For **Sis**: *Little Doctor* (*Ping Ping Medica*), from Communist China in English or Spanish, the story of "a little girl who acts as doctor to her playmates,' a good example of the effort to break down the sexual stereotype in China," or for **Pop** (to read between the Rose Bowl halves) from Albania *Battle against Revisionism*, nine political articles (1960-1969), 528 pp hardcover, for only $2.20.

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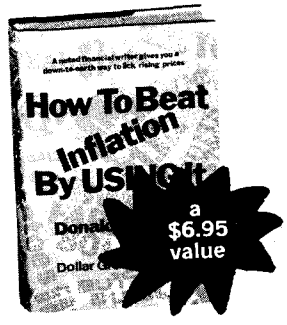

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LETTERS

Pot: First Reactions

Re Richard C. Cowan's "American Conservatives Should Revise Their Position on Marijuana" [Dec. 8]: Mr. Cowan was billed as a "charter member" of YAF. Young Americans for Freedom has no party line on the matter of marijuana. Some prefer it, and some are agin it. Most of us inhabit the grey kingdom where we would like to see it "decriminalized," though sharing Mr. Burnham's concern about its present social destructiveness.

I, personally, do not think it is healthy to allow pot on the open market until, all hyperbole aside, it *can* be proved that good hash (i.e., marijuana as puffed by Mr. Cowan's friends) is separable from bad hash (i.e., as puffed by some hospitalized friends of mine). I have no axe to grind on the matter. However, knowing victims belonging to the Dow Report's "minority of cases" compels me to resent arguments likening pot to ice cream or Crème de Menthe.

RONALD F. DOCKSAI
National Chairman
Young Americans for Freedom
Washington, D.C.

Last year it was the Pentagon Papers. This year, the Greening of Bill Buckley. One supposes it is only a matter of time until the senior editors begin sporting bell-bottoms and work shirts; and the art department comes up with a cover design that can be read only under a black-light. Far out.

Since NATIONAL REVIEW has taken the plunge, I would like to add a few thoughts on the issue: 1) For those opposed to legalization, the scientific argument against pot surely is the weakest. *All* the "evidence" isn't in on anything, and, as *NR* pointed out not long ago, if scientists look long enough and hard enough they can discover that yogurt causes cancer in laboratory rats. 2) The distinction between legalization and decriminalization sounds nice, but what does it mean? If one accepts the premises set forth by Mr. Cowan (and Mr. Buckley seems to accept them), why stop short of legalization? Why punish the pusher, but not the consumer? 3) The strongest argument against marijuana is the cultural one. The cultural argument observes that we in the West have developed our culture around alcohol, not pot; and that such development has been sufficiently long and pervasive to warrant at least hesitancy in accepting another drug associated with a different milieu.
Washington, D.C. ROGER N. LEVY

I just got through smoking the Dec. 8 issue of *NR*. Wow!
Mission Viejo, Calif. BUD REEVES

It took you guys a long time, but it was worth waiting for. If ever an article really represented what the pot hassle is, yours did. My God it was glory to read those words.

It was beautiful and yet *sad*. For now we enter the "waiting period"; perhaps some controls, perhaps a form of legalization are ahead, but for now, how will we know what signal will be given, what will tell the people that there will be no more arrests, no more entrapments, no more making this Great Nation sick with its separation from those who love it as dearly as any other man or woman or child in this country?
New York, N.Y. NAME WITHHELD

Pot *does* affect you physically and mentally, even if used in moderation. It affects users to the point where I am usually able to tell when they start to smoke pot. They look different, they act differently, sometimes they talk differently, and they always change friends—unless, of course, *their friends smoke it too.*

I know about 150 kids from my high school who use all kinds of dope. Every last one of them started with pot. Hell, they switched from pot to stronger stuff so fast, they didn't even get to use pot "in moderation."
Pelham Manor, N.Y. ROGER MCCAFFREY

Markmann vs. Boylan

In his attempt to refute Edward S. Boylan's "Are Jews Converting to—Republicans?" Charles Lam Markmann ["Letters," Nov. 24] admits to being a "lapsed" Jew. Alas, he is not only lapsed but also uninformed and, in the three areas in which he alleges error on the part of Mr. Boylan, it is he himself who is wrong.

The desire to return to the Holy Land has been the motivating and vivifying factor of Jewish life since the Diaspora of 135 A.D. The twelfth-century Spanish Jewish poet, Judah Halevi, is perhaps more typical of Sephardic thought than Mr. Markmann's boyhood synagogue. Halevi's poems express so deep a longing for the return of the Jewish people to their homeland that forever after they have been known as the "Zionides," the songs of Zion. They grace Jewish liturgy to this day.

Parallel with this is the notion of Jewish peoplehood. Mr. Markmann asks for proof of the contention that the Jews are an ethnic group. Every page of Jewish history offers the proof that the Jewish people are a unique people retaining their ethnic distinctiveness in every land and at every age. For additional and contemporary "proof," he may check either the advertisements for, or the actual edition of, the newly published *Encyclopedia Judaica.*

One last point. Whether Mr. Boylan used it or not, *Newsweek* (March 1) offers substantiation for his assertion, challenged by Mr. Markmann, that Jews "probably have the highest average income of any American ethnic group." Furthermore, the same article lends credence to Boylan's original premise: 95 per cent of American Jews believe that the United States should give diplomatic support and military equipment to Israel.
South Orange, N.J. REV. JOHN F. MORLEY

General Fischer?

After reading the article "Fischer Beats the System," by Eugene and John Meyer ["Arts & Manners," Sept. 29], I have concluded that there is yet to be a purveyor of the printed word who has done justice to Mr. Fischer. I have an idea for using his genius to the great advantage of the American democratic system, which, as the Meyers' article contends, he so admirably reflects.

Quite simply, I suggest that Bobby Fischer be contractually retained by the U.S. Army and placed in charge of revamping its conventional warfare tactics.

The correlations between the tactical movements of an army and the game of chess are obvious. I hold that Fischer's intelligence would quickly grasp the detailed missions of the Army's combat units (infantry, armor, artillery etc.), and he could formulate a plan to use those units in tactical movements so fresh as to completely revise the "rules" of modern ground warfare. Bobby Fischer could become America's next Patton, except that he could do with an entire army what Patton did with only tanks.

Who respects Bobby Fischer more than the Russians today? One can delight in their reaction to the idea that Mr. Fischer would be in charge of the basic war plan being used by their opponents in Europe and indeed throughout the world.

CAPT. STEPHEN SOLLENBERGER
APO, San Francisco

Freedom vs. Public Schools

Re Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s column, "Impasse

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on the Schools" [Nov. 10]: In the interests of equality and of democracy, everyone should be required to use the same kind of car: the Pinto. All other cars should be recycled. This will save parking space, and the Pinto goes fast enough. It is true that people like differences and that cars have varying capacities, but individuality could find expression in the color of the car or in the choice of where to go.

One brand of beer is enough, and one grade of meat. Some meat might be better, but either the difference can be accepted, or else all meat could be ground into uniform meatloaf.

Why not? Is there a major difference between having such single standards for cars, beer and meat, and having a standard public-school system that gets all of the tax support, so that few private schools can afford to stay open?

Why must there be uniform teacher standards? Teachers are no more uniform than meat. Why have assignment by geography rather than by personality? Why not have a technical high school and a music school and a vocational school? Why not have a variety of forms of discipline from school to school? Why not encourage parents to consider their own children's needs and attempt to respond? As long as the schools prohibit prayer why not let parents prohibit some textbooks? Why insist on a policy that assumes that all parents are incompetents but that the hirelings are all professional?

Why not establish variety and free choice?

Chevy Chase, Md. MARTHA T. O'KEEFE

The Groans of Academe

I've just finished reading Peter N. Ehrmann's "God and Counterculture" [Nov. 24], relating his aggravating and frustrating experiences at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. Although his message was ominous, it was a delight to find his article so (you should excuse the expression) "liberally" sprinkled with humor!

Bethpage, N.Y. LEDWIN S. MASON

As a 1972 college graduate, I am in total agreement with the astute observations and analysis concerning universities which appear in Russell Kirk's column "Universities as 'Therapeutic Communities'" [Oct. 27].

I think this article will be of comfort to those students who, after entering our "institutions of higher learning," are disillusioned (shocked is perhaps a more accurate term) when they find that there is no professor who is worthy of the respect and admiration that they would be more than willing to give, and when they come to the conclusion that the university is no longer an institution where intellectual pursuit is encouraged.

Only too vividly am I able to remember sitting in an English I composition class during my first semester in college and being told by my instructor that our writing ability would be greatly improved if we used our class time to pour forth our emotional feelings about anything we felt strongly about. Our discussions in English composition included "Vietnam, Laos, the draft" (all those things which Mr. Kirk quite rightly says "provide excuse for escape from the works of the mind into a muddled 'therapy'") to the exclusion of anything even remotely associated with various literary styles.

Brooklyn, N.Y. ELLEN ABRAHMS

Three Cheers

I have noticed that certain writers used words differently, i.e. "people" for the rulers of Communist totalitarian dictatorships; "liberation" for their imposition (and, of course, everyone is for "the people" and "liberation," and against "aggression").

Thanks to Max Geltman ["Wallaceland Revisited," Oct. 13], I now realize I've been compiling a dictionary of Wallese.

Dana Point, Calif. HARRIS ANGELL

Will you accept an enthusiastic "Hurrah" for the perceptive review by Mr. Aram Bakshian Jr. of *A Sense of the Senate* ["Books," Sept. 15]?

Having been a "lobbyist" (God save the word) for some thirteen years at both state and federal levels, I know whereof the author speaks. Brother Bakshian writes with a razor blade instead of a typewriter, and one cannot regret that he has shed a lot of Mr. Seymour Freidin's blood.

New Orleans, La. GEORGE M. LEPPERT

Re John Chamberlain's "The View Twenty-Five Years Later" [Oct. 31]: Time will tell whether Irving Kristol's speech at Mont Pelerin turns out to be as significant as it was daring. Judging by present appearances, the nature of the Mont Pelerin Society may change drastically in consequence. And if so, it would be difficult to imagine Western society at large remaining unaffected. Posterity may eventually construe the Kristol speech as a clarion call to fresh thinking, and ultimately action, comparable to the one sounded by Sir Francis Bacon nearly four centuries ago.

Amherst, Mass. MOGENS V. HERMANN

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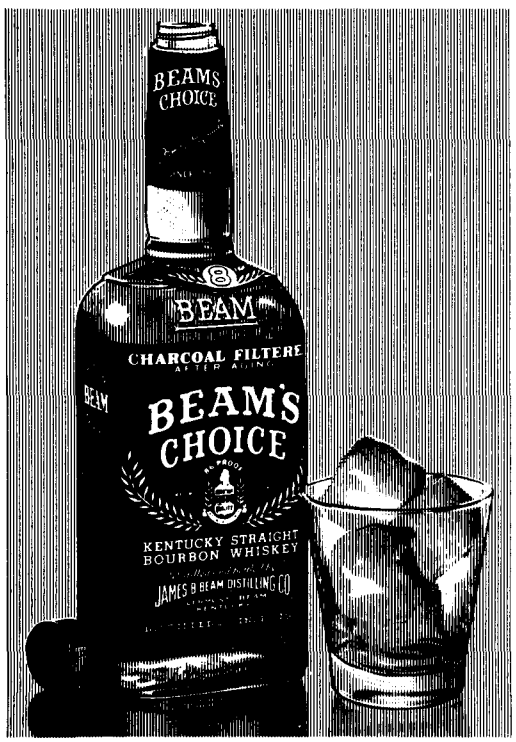

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THE WEEK

■ The people of Tucson, Arizona are pressing for a city ordinance making it illegal to swear at the police. Pretty thin-skinned bastards down there.

■ Connecticut's tight-fisted Republican Governor, Thomas Meskill, whose first two years in office were spent battling a Democratic-controlled General Assembly (he set a record last year by vetoing 175 bills), now has the majority he needs to get on with promised conservative reforms. In his first interview since the Republican sweep in Connecticut, Meskill said he will continue to cut spending, expressed confidence that the state can avoid an income tax, and said he hopes to see legislation enacted imposing the death penalty on rapists and possibly drug pushers as well as murderers, requiring mandatory jail sentences for drunken drivers and streamlining current wiretap laws. Next, Massachusetts.

■ Alva (Ted) Bonda, a Cleveland businessman, has donated $3,000 to George McGovern's campaign, and has also, well, lent, sort of, $100,000 to the Senator himself. "I would hope to get it back but you just don't know," Mr. Bonda explained. As Dr. Johnson once said, "Boswell, lend me sixpence, not to be repaid."

■ While every other New York City pol is getting in shape to run for mayor, the reigning mayor, John V. Lindsay, is taking a leisurely nonpolitical vacation—in Israel. Lindsay and the mayor of Jerusalem went on a tour of the city and stopped at John V. Lindsay Park to have their picture taken. From the *New York Times* account: "As the two mayors posed in the middle of the park, the rain stopped, the dark clouds parted and a spectacular rainbow arched over the horizon"—and a great voice said: "Run, I got the *Times* in my pocket!"

■ Nixon's re-election, notes Bernard Levin of the *Times* (London), provoked "shrill, dainty squeals of dismay among the British mediacorps." Among his examples is Peter Jenkins' remark: "There is something almost ominous in the fact that the ghettos are not in flames and the campuses not in turmoil." "That just about sums it up," Levin remarks. "Mr. Jenkins is so drunk on his own rhetoric that he is actually worried by the fact, grudgingly admitted, that peace has come to America's cities and universities." Levin himself thinks rather highly not only of Mr. Nixon, but also of the American people who have chosen him to govern them: "The fact is that a horribly large proportion of British commentators on the American scene have still not come within measurable distance of grasping the fact that the American electorate is a far wiser and more mature body than is our own . . ."

■ In case you haven't heard, we won one over at the United Nations—you do remember the United Nations?—when the budgetary committee of the General Assembly voted 67 to 30 to lower the U.S. dues from 31.5 to 25 per cent of the UN budget. The other big news is that 632,149 persons visited Singapore last year, up 21 per cent over 1970, and that a patron of Willie Farkle's bar in Shelbyville, Indiana, made pool history last week by sinking 13 of 15 balls on the break.

■ The English are rethinking their National Health Service, which hasn't been working well lately. However, the debate is all on details: How can medical care be provided more efficiently? Should more money be spent? Should a larger share of the money go to care for the aged? to research on children's diseases? No one suggests scrapping the entire system. Most Englishmen seem to feel that total reliance on the state for medical care is an inalienable right, rather than a cause of the breakdown.

■ Great Britain, waking up to the fact that it is the only power maintaining the sanctions against Rhodesia called for by the United Nations, is easing restrictions on the grounds that 1) moderate black and white leaders in the breakaway colony are far more willing to negotiate an agreement with Britain than they were a year ago, 2) the sanctions are doing more harm to Britain than to Rhodesia, and 3) Britain has troubles of her own nearer home.

■ The Red Chinese government has not yet publicly attacked Lin Piao, but it is secretly preparing its cadres to discuss the case among themselves, so that they can then educate the masses. There are more than ten "absolutely secret" documents (which Taiwan has intercepted) on the "Criticize-Lin Rectification Movement." Lin and his friends, say the documents, attempted "to split our party and army, to seize power from Chairman Mao" by "advocating 'genius,' [and] opposing the line adopted by the Ninth Party Congress." They were allegedly burned to

The Moving Finger

Once, Dutchmen feared that Spain would never vanish,
And Holland would remain forever Spanish.
Twice, gay Vienna very nearly fell
As Turkey pounded at the citadel.
Today it seems improbable to most,
But Norway used to raid the British coast.
Of course, the great enigma nearer home
Is who did what, and why, and when, to Rome.
When contemplating movements such as these,
I feel relaxed about the Vietnamese.

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death in a plane crash when attempting to leave China. Of this, one of the documents says: "They died a renegade's and a traitor's death which was by no means enough to compensate for their crimes."

■ Ah, the inscrutable British! A canny strategy that, letting things go in Northern Ireland until the locals got fed up with the IRA. It worked—so well that the IRA is even in trouble in the South, long a sanctuary into which it could flit after bombing and killing in Ulster. Trouble is, the Protestants are tired of waiting around, and seem to be picking up the gun themselves. The only solution may be another wait-'em-out period of death and destruction. Hard cheese on the population, but it sure beats a land war.

■ Sparing a day from his *hadj* to the workers' paradises of this world, Chile's Salvador Allende dropped off at the United Nations, to warn "of yet another manifestation of imperialism, one that is more subtle, more cunning and terrifyingly more effective . . ." namely, that old capitalist truism: No tickee, no laundree. The blame for Chile's bankruptcy lies of course with Allende's subtle, cunning enemies: Kennecott and Anaconda Copper, ITT, Export-Import Bank, World Bank, CIA and the entire imperialist United States of America. The UN liked that, and with shouts of "Viva Allende" (something he hasn't heard for a long time in Chile) ringing in his ears, Allende left New York, rattling his tin cup all the way to Moscow via Algiers.

■ "If they beat me, I will say anything—I know from my former experience in the camps. But you will know that it will not be the real me speaking. Another thing, I shall never in any circumstances commit suicide. So you will know that, if they say I have done away with myself, someone else will have done me in."—Pyotr Yakir, quoted by David Bonavia, *Times* (London), July 1972. . . . The *Daily Telegraph* reported today that Pyotr I. Yakir, a Soviet dissident and civil-rights activist who was arrested June 21, has recanted his position and is cooperating with the authorities. . . . He is reported to have told his daughter that he had been wrong and appealed for the disbanding of the civil-rights movement."—*New York Times* news report, December 4, 1972.

■ Never mind the niceties, writes Orde Coombs in the December 3 *Washington Post*, give us law and order; or, failing that, just order. Coombs is black, and his description of the quotidian terrors of ghetto life sounds like Thomas Hobbes' nightmare. Mean white cops, black vigilantes, anything, he insists, would be better than what we have now: "If the liberals cry about constitutional rights, chase them back to Scarsdale, for they do not quake every time they saunter out of doors. . . . We can no longer excuse crime because of society's inequities, for we will not live to see the end of those injustices. We stand menaced by our kith and kin."

"I'm sorry, Ms. Ramirez, but as an under-thirty black woman with a Spanish-sounding surname, you're overquotafied."

■ "A panel of four leading scientists and a theologian agreed this weekend that highly advanced civilizations certainly flourish elsewhere in the universe, but they clashed sharply over whether it was prudent ever to try to establish contact with them." (*New York Times*, Nov. 20, p. 29.) That will be filed under "Science, modesty of."

■ A Sawfly submarine-launched missile, the Soviet Union's newest, traveled four thousand miles in a November 27 test, ending up in the Pacific Ocean not far from Midway Island. This range is longer than that of any U.S. submarine-launched missile now deployed. N.B.: Under the terms of SALT I, the USSR has the right to build additional missile-armed nuclear submarines.

■ The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee has published an impressive little volume, "Abuse of Psychiatry for Political Repression in the Soviet Union." The booklet includes testimony the committee heard from Dr. Aleksandr Yesenin-Volpin, a Soviet mathematician who was incarcerated in a mental institution several times, and Constantin W. Boldyreff, a representative of the International Committee for Defense of Human Rights, supplemented by Vladimir Bukovsky's case histories of dissidents subjected to "psychiatric" treatment (see "The Bukovsky Papers," *NR*, June 9). Dr. Yesenin-Volpin spoke about the reasons for incarceration: "Committed to such hospitals are men and women whose 'abnormalities' stem from their unorthodox views, their criticism of the authorities, or from the simple reason that the investigators were unable to prepare their cases for regular prosecution in court." He described some methods of

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"treatment": a drug that produces severe stomach cramps, fever and intense pain lasting two or three days; another that leaves the victim a "human vegetable"; the "canvas bandage" treatment, in which the body is tightly wrapped in wet canvas, which contracts as it dries, causing almost unbearable pressure. Dr. Yesenin-Volpin reminded the committee that public protests *do* have some effect: that several dissidents, including himself and Zhores Medvedev, had been released because of pressure on the Soviet government. He added: "It is my conviction that, if the civilized world protested in a louder and more courageous voice, we could bring about the liberation of far more victims of the Soviet political-psychiatric terror."

■ File under "Heartwarmers (Christmas Div.)": Every year, the Alexander's department store chain in New York brings in several hundred handicapped people on a Sunday, lets them Christmas-shop at bargain prices, then donates the proceeds to institutions for the handicapped. This year eight hundred unfortunates had just finished shopping when police arrived and handed store officials a summons for violating the Sunday closing law. Great outcry, followed by hasty backtracking on the part of police and city officials. But Alexander's isn't letting them off easy: The firm is demanding a jury trial. Looks like coal in somebody's stocking this year.

■ Weary of the same old worries—pollution, war, famine? Looking for a new and different *frisson*? Try "deviate swallowing"! Just listen: "The tip of the tongue behind the teeth, the middle of the tongue against the roof of the mouth, the back of the tongue at a 45-degree angle. Then allow the food to go down." That's the *right* way. *You* haven't been swallowing that way, have you now! You've been doing something wrong, like pushing your teeth with your tongue and pressing the back of your tongue to the roof of your mouth—which means, Dr. Roy M. Langer told the Greater New York Dental Society last week, that you usually have trouble swallowing aspirin, drink a lot of liquid to wash your food down, and may be (shudder!) an "open-mouth breather." Happy worrying.

■ Dwindling Christmas Spirit: An elderly Midwestern Santa Claus, child on lap, dropped dead. The historic graveyard of New York's Trinity Church has become a favorite meeting place for drug pushers. Somebody stole the huge Salvation Army pot in front of Macy's. We await a report that Frosty the Snowman has been mugged.

■ Reaching for It, *Newsweek* Division: "I have never seen such a symphony of gangrenous venality as this play; it has a sick phosphorescence, like the sweaty sheen on the late Joe McCarthy's forehead."—Critic Jack Kroll in *Newsweek*.

Separating Fact from Opinion

"Perhaps Richard Nixon has decided, as Lyndon Johnson once did, that a massive bombing campaign in North Vietnam would bludgeon the enemy into retreat or submission. If so, this was hardly a judgment supported by the empirical evidence of more than ten years of war in Vietnam." ("Mr. Nixon Strikes Back"; *Newsweek*, April 24)

"Mr. Nixon's mining and bombing campaign is unlikely to force Hanoi to abandon its primary demands—the ouster of Thieu and the guarantee of a coalition government with Communist representation." ("The High Stakes—and Risks"; *Newsweek*, May 22)

"By a combination of diplomatic finesse and daring military risk he [Nixon] had managed to extract from the Communists the kind of concessions that were unthinkable four years ago." ("Peace Is at Hand"; *Newsweek*, November 6)

Adlai's Revenge

In a superb journalistic coup, the *N.Y. Times* last week published a long exposé on the activities of Dr. Max Jacobson, a New York physician who has ministered to a clientele of celebrities by injecting them—and teaching them to inject themselves—with, among other things, speed.

The atmosphere surrounding the good doctor, as the *Times* presents it, was pretty much "Quick, Dr. Jacobson, the needle!" Said one patient, a fashion photographer named Bob Richardson: " 'I couldn't live without it. I was a total addict. Sometimes I couldn't get a vial—Dr. Jacobson would go away or something. People would be lining up in the waiting room. There would be pandemonium.' " . . . "Dr. Harry Barowsky, who once practiced in an office next door to Dr. Jacobson, said that at night some of Dr. Jacobson's patients would mistakenly break in through his windows looking for drugs." Baker Street and Conan Doyle, to be sure, but also a touch of Jekyll and Hyde: " 'There was always a receptionist, two nurses and a group of men working in the laboratory in the back,' Richardson said. 'Sometimes Dr. Jacobson would take me there at night. There were cauldrons and masses of rocks and things boiling around. It was like science fiction, the colored lights. Then he would show me what he described as uranium, which he put in the vials. Very often the vials had little rocks at the bottom to give energy, he said.' "

But enclosed in all this, the pearl in the oyster, is none other than . . . Jack Kennedy!—a Jacobson patient—while sitting in the White House! The article begins prominently on page one, and after a few paragraphs leads you over to page 54, where you read: "The most

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Itchy Pants

The Nixons, maybe you've observed,
Because they're bored (perhaps unnerved),
Prefer to copy itchy Dad
When he deserts the White House pad.
Right now Camp David's the address;
Tomorrow he may meet the press
With Bebe on his power boat—
Then San Clemente gets the vote.
If I could sleep in Lincoln's bed
And walk where Dolly used to tread;
If I could savor Queen Anne chairs
Or tiptoe down those hand-hewn stairs,
You bet your life I'd make it clear
That Bebe gets the hell up here.

W. H. VON DREELE

famous of the doctor's patients were President and Mrs. Kennedy. Dr. Jacobson frequently visited the White House and often traveled with the Kennedys. In 1961, for example, he went with the President to Vienna for the summit meeting with Khrushchev, and Dr. Jacobson said in an interview, gave the President injections there."

Allowing you time to digest that item, the article goes on for quite a while about other patient-celebrities, then returns to Kennedy with a group photograph (Kennedy and Jacobson flanking two friends), and this *defining* paragraph: "A New York doctor who treated President Kennedy, and who refused to allow his name to be used, told the *Times* that although he warned the President not to take shots from Dr. Jacobson, he believes there may have been at least one occasion when Dr. Jacobson gave Mr. Kennedy injections. 'When I heard about that incident, I made it very clear that I was not going to tolerate this,' the doctor recalled. 'I said that if I ever heard that he took another shot, I'd make sure it was known. *No President with his finger on the red button has any business taking stuff like that*' " (italics added).

Whatever else it is, this article is thus a powerful political act. It strikes at the Kennedy mystique, and therefore at the Kennedy family operation generally. The article appears, moreover, in the context of a growing left-revisionist historiography of the Kennedy Administration, and this, in turn, occurs in the context of the center-left split in the Democratic Party. David Halberstam—of the *Times*, incidentally—has just published *The Best and the Brightest*, sure to be a bestseller and full of colorful anecdotage (reportedly fed to him by New Frontiersman Roger Hilsman, among others) but also centrally urging the thesis: The Kennedy New Frontiersmen were not "the best and the brightest" really, but a collection of limited and pretentious WASPs (Attention, ADL!) who lied to us and to each other about the Vietnam war. And Halberstam's book itself is really an *haute vulgarisation* of the anti-Kennedy polemics which writers like Ronald Steel have been printing in places like the *New York Review of Books* and in volumes like *Pax Americana* and *Imperialists and Other Heroes*, e.g., "Like the Wall Street financiers whose advice he sought and whom he beseeched to join his Cabinet, John F. Kennedy was firmly committed to the imperial foreign policy evolved by Acheson and Dulles in the late Forties and early Fifties. He drew his advisers from the great universities, foundations, corporate offices and gave them powerful positions in the national-security bureaucracy. There they provided him with scenarios for nuclear warfare, 'revolutionary development' programs to combat Communism and Green Beret shock troops to subdue peasant revolutionaries," etc., etc.

The gathering attack on the Kennedy Administration from the left is of course to be connected with the New Left movement of the later 1960s, which issued, indeed, in the McGovern candidacy. But the attack should also be understood in the light of the fact that in 1960 Kennedy gained the nomination by defeating what might be called the Stevenson-Bowles-Mrs. Roosevelt wing of the party, and, worse, after the victory over Nixon excluded that wing from real power: Stevenson to the UN, Bowles to India (where, Kennedy said, as Halberstam deliciously reports, Bowles could listen to the Indians and the Indians could listen to Bowles). Instead, Kennedy turned to NATO or "cold war" Democrats in the Forrestal-Acheson tradition, or to non-ideological technicians. What the revisionist historians are saying politically is that Stevenson should have been nominated after all in 1960; the Jacobson article provides a piquant assist in that subjunctive operation. And notice is also thereby served on the Senator from Massachusetts that he will purchase the support of the Stevenson-Bowles-Mrs. Roosevelt-McGovern wing of the party only by repudiating his brother's foreign policy.

All out of Step but Dick?

In terms of political dynamics, Richard Nixon's landslide win over George McGovern on November 7 demonstrated a wide swing to the right in mass sentiment. For their own general elections, West Germany, New Zealand, the Netherlands and Australia had deliberately set dates subsequent to the election in the United States, bellwether of the West. In the past it has usually been the case that important political shifts have been in the same direction within many or even all the democratic nations, and have been signaled by a noteworthy electoral turn in one of the major nations. This autumn the rule has been reversed.

In all four of the post-November 7 elections, the outcome has been a sizable move to the left. For the first time a Social Democratic chancellor now has a solid majority in the West German parliament. In New Zealand on November 26 the voters upset all polls and predictions by ousting the National Party that had governed

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for twelve years and putting the Labor Party in office. In the Netherlands election on November 30 the governing center-right coalition lost its majority in a proportional-representation shambles of 29 separate parties. On December 3 Australia's conservative Liberal-Country coalition, which had governed for 23 years, gave way to the Labor Party under Gough Whitlam. And the new leftward-pointing governments lost no time in proving that the shifts are more than from Tweedledum to Tweedledee. In his first day in office, Prime Minister Whitlam announced the end of the draft, amnesty for draft evaders, withdrawal of recognition from Taiwan, and a mission to Peking. New Zealand's new Prime Minister, Norman Kirk, promised similar moves in the near future; both Whitlam and Kirk indicated early withdrawal from SEATO and a revision if not cancellation of the ANZUS (Australia, New Zealand, United States) Pact. Willy Brandt declared his readiness for immediate signing of the accord with East Germany and hurried to Helsinki to help East Meet West in the spirit of his triumphant Ostpolitik.

It seems likely, however, that this seeming contradiction between the political vectors of the U.S. and the succeeding elections is only label-deep. For, though there can be no doubt that a relatively rightist political and social "molecular movement of the masses" (as Trotsky might have called it) underlay the smashing defeat of McGovern, it is even clearer that it was above all Nixon's spectacular overtures to Peking and Moscow, his indifference to Taiwan, and his pending withdrawal from Indochina, that triggered these leftist responses in West Germany, Australia and New Zealand—all three, frontier posts along the East-West boundaries. (The Netherlands election result is a mostly local affair, the result of the ridiculous voting system.) These elections were a dramatic outward sign of the effort, under way in all non-Communist nations, to adjust to what the nations feel, at any rate, is the meaning of the Nixon policy of détente.

The Wattenberg Connection

In *The Real Majority*—which works over for the edification of Democrats the voting trends dealt with in *The Emerging Republican Majority*—Ben Wattenberg and Richard Scammon demonstrated convincingly that the candidate who ignores the real concerns of the voters in favor of ideological tripping will get clobbered. The "social issue," they said, and indeed they coined the term, was not the idiosyncratic worry of Archie Bunker. Nor, after Miami, did Wattenberg have to wait for November 7 to know what was going to happen to McGovern, and he therefore laid his post-debacle plans.

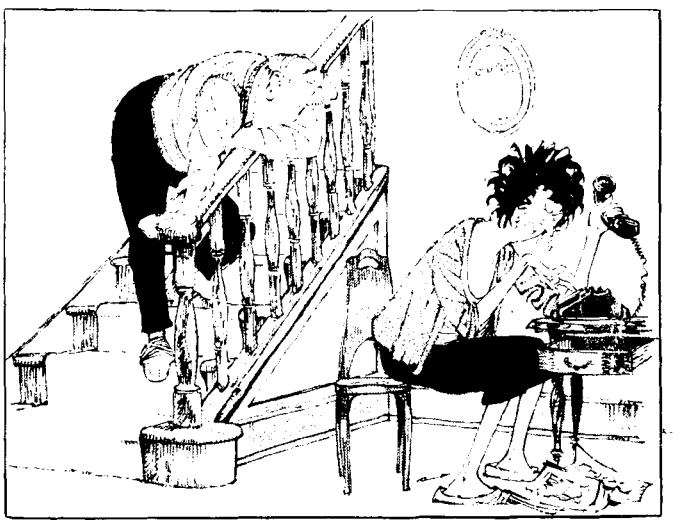
What he came up with is a new group called the Coalition for a Democratic Majority (CDM), which is designed to nudge the Democratic Party away from McGovernism and back to a mainline, albeit modernized, liberalism: global retreat, ethnic quotas and so on are out. This is in a sense a strategy of reprise; the CDM, in attempting to provide a broadly based liberal alternative to McGovernism, recalls the earlier ADA, created as a liberal alternative to Henry Wallace's fellow-traveling progressivism.

The CDM's manifesto, "Come Home, Democrats," was turned out at Wattenberg's instigation by Norman Podhoretz of *Commentary*, and is being mailed to potential members. Wattenberg hopes to draw support from the academy, and from the worlds of business, labor and politics. His intellectuals, so far, seem to be *Commentary-Public Interest* types: Seymour Martin Lipset, John Roche, Nathan Glazer. And he has enlisted a number of advisers and supporters of Muskie, Humphrey and Jackson; Bayard Rustin, so far, is his most important black.

The Wattenberg operation, reasonable enough under the circumstances, may turn out to have certain existential weaknesses. One, for example, will almost certainly be stylistic. Intellectuals who supported McGovern, such as Galbraith and Schlesinger, did not do so because they were bowled over by all of his policy recommendations; far from it: often, his policies were admitted to be derisory. They were attracted to the chic of the "Movement" and of the New Politics. Ditto for McGovern's media support. It is also worth noting that the ADA has shifted far to the left of its 1948 stance of mainline liberalism; and that, to cite another bit of evidence, the faculty of Princeton gave McGovern 82 per cent. The split in the Democratic Party between the regulars and the McGovernite intellectuals may be too deep for Wattenberg's CDM to take hold and recreate a Democratic liberal consensus.

Economic Prescience

It being that time of year, the economists are inspecting their tea leaves and telling us what's in store for 1973. The optimist camp is represented by Walter Heller, who sees a 9.6 per cent rise in GNP next year, with



Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Ben Roth Agency

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only a 3.3 per cent rise in consumer prices and unemployment edging below 5 per cent. The more cautious National Association of Business Economists expects an 8.5 per cent rise in GNP, a 3.7 per cent rate of inflation, and 5.1 per cent unemployment. Nobody seems to take seriously the Administration's goal of 2 or 3 per cent inflation; some think we'll be lucky to keep inflation below the 3.8 per cent that prevailed before controls.

Opinion is evenly divided over whether or not there will be a tax increase. If there is, business taxes are a likely target, because their impact on individuals is conveniently obscure. Without a tax increase, after-tax business profits are expected to rise by 9 to 13 per cent. *U.S. News & World Report* predicts a 6.6 per cent boost in average factory wages.

Most analysts are betting that controls will continue, but in an increasingly relaxed form. "Controls are comfortable to management and labor for the same reason that most students like a policy that awards everyone a B," says Treasury consultant Arthur Laffer. "Nobody has to strive for excellence, but then nobody worries about failure either." A glance at the profit, price and wage predictions shows that few economists really expect controls to accomplish much—which shouldn't be surprising, since it's hard to believe that big business and labor would be so fond of controls if they were really pinching. Besides, the prices of the main items in a typical middle-class budget—a used home, a used car, food and clothing—can't possibly be controlled.

A growing minority, ably represented by Harvard economist Hendrik Houthakker, says it is time to quit kidding ourselves with patchwork remedies and get down to some serious structural reforms: break up labor monopolies, lower tariffs, eliminate minimum price regulations and so on. Still, the Administration will probably go on looking for an easier answer, a short cut to noninflationary prosperity, and there will always be plenty of economic seers to conjure up the desired illusion.

TV: Born That Way

We had sensed all along that television news was "biased." Edith Efron confirmed the suspicion; leaving the question, *why*? According to a penetrating analysis of television coverage of the late campaign, the bias of TV news is to a considerable degree inherent in the nature of the medium. The "Report on Network News' Treatment of the 1972 Democratic Presidential Candidates" (available from the *Alternative*, R.R. 11, Box 360, Bloomington, Ind.) employs the insight of Professor Paul Weaver of Harvard that the pressures of TV presentation almost necessarily involve a serious foreshortening and distortion of events.

While newspapers deal in events and facts almost in a raw state and are therefore, as Weaver puts it, "discursive almost to the point of formlessness," TV needs "a clear, continuous narrative line . . . that will create, maintain, and if possible increase the viewer's interest." The "focus [is] on theme rather than event." As a result, facts and events "no longer constitute the story's major interest, as in newspapers; they become instead the materials with which the chosen theme is illustrated."

Television news therefore has "a strong preference for personifying and dramatizing," for seeking the symbolic tableau which may not reflect the full complexity of reality. Moreover, "the form guarantees that the typical television news story will be far more interpretive than a newspaper news story." So that TV news, despite its sensual immediacy, is in fact impatient of particulars, and tries to show "trends, situations, and dynamics" that go behind the facts.

The problem is that TV is incapable of limning thoroughly that big picture. Its "behind the scenes analysis" turns out to be a kind of sustained human interest angle that turns a political campaign into high soap opera. Television showed the campaign for the 1972 Democratic nomination as the contest of ambitious men who were, implicitly, moved by power-lust, and whose substantive positions were mere tactical ploys ("campaign [i.e., empty] rhetoric") designed to ingratiate them with the greatest number of voting blocs, rather than as responsible attempts to define the public good. Issues are despised and neglected; politicians get typecast to suit the needs of the news serial. Can Frontrunner Muskie hold his big lead? (A bogus question: newsmen gave him his "lead" before the race had properly begun, and he was bound to "slip" with the entry of another candidate). Can old Hubert Humphrey succeed in his final lunge at the White House? (Shades of Helen Trent.) Will cagey George Wallace confound 'em all? Tune in next time.

This "human" approach, the report notes, begets a weariness with the eternal paltriness of politics, and a consequent yearning for a new kind: a "politics without politicians." Hence the hero of TV campaign coverage tends to be that candidate who pretends, at least, to offer a new politics untainted by personal ambition, shabby alliances, venal compromises. The politics of purity, of futurity. It was McGovern, not Lindsay, who

You Tell Me

Is it all a double-cross,
Making Brennan labor boss?
Does it mean the man is deft?
Or just moving further left?
Does it strengthen our defense
Stopping Teddy four years hence?
Mrs. Tricia Nixon Cox,
Daddy's crazy like a fox.

W. H. VON DREELE

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was the natural media-candidate for the McLuhan Age.

But what about McGovern's post-Miami collapse? The report does not deal with this question, but its mode of analysis suggests an answer: McGovern's convention triumph was booby-trapped by his own pretensions. Inevitably, the politician of the future got himself a past: He "dumped" Eagleton, then snuggled up to old pols like Daley and Johnson. He turned out to be Just Another Politician; an angle irresistible to the newsmen and fatal to himself.

TV supplies the illusions, and then, in due course, the disillusionment. Its bias is best understood as being essentially journalistic, ideological only incidentally. To have demonstrated this as trenchantly as the *Alternative*'s report has done, is a feat of high intelligence. It deserves to be widely read.

Let There Be Movement

The Helsinki talks, ostensibly a mere preparatory session for next year's Conference on European Security and Cooperation, may in fact determine the terms of discourse for the conference, and it is important that the West put on the agenda some matters that the Russians and their allies would prefer not to discuss. One in particular is the principle of free movement for all European citizens.

The U.S. and other free nations are already making the point, though rather weakly so far, and it is certain that the Russians will try to evade it; the (London) *Economist* warns that the West must insist on the distinction between increased "cultural exchanges" between officially approved groups of ballerinas and scientists, which the Russians would gladly accede to, and the right of every man to travel where he pleases, which the Russians cannot concede without taking a giant step in the direction of making the USSR—a free country. This would be an enormous concession, but what the Communists are after is just as huge: the West's acceptance of the *legitimacy* of Communist hegemony over Eastern Europe.

In other words: What the Communists want is a concession of *principle*; and the West should accept no less in return. This probably means that the talks would go nowhere; which would be just as well, especially if, in going nowhere, they were to point up the hard fact that the cold war "thaw" has so far been on one side only.

Galbraith Meets China

One might expect John Kennеth Galbraith to find in Communist China the fulfillment of those ascetic ideals he has preached for so long. After all, there are no problems of affluence in China, no surplus, nothing to litter the country, no annoying private sector to hinder the proliferation of public amenities. But Professor Galbraith's report on his visit to China (*New York Times Magazine*, Nov. 26) is mixed. For one thing, Galbraith was shocked by the unseemly "emphasis on production as an end in itself." And the universities, he notes, "still appear to be in a state of serious disorganization."

Following the logic of his advocacy of price controls, Galbraith considers rationing "a useful device for securing to everyone an ample supply of an indispensable commodity at a stable price." Still, the absence of queues did not impress him: "People do not line up to buy what they do not have the money to buy."

"The Chinese have not rejected pecuniary incentives," but they are nonetheless praised for imposing "a truly astonishing approach to the equality of income" (i.e., there are only degrees of poverty). Perhaps more astonishing, the incomes of the 80 per cent of the population engaged in agriculture are "well below those in industry," as Galbraith recognizes, and are often "lower than in the better agricultural areas seen by the visitor." "In any other country," writes Galbraith, "the difference between urban and rural incomes that exists in China would set in motion a large motion of people to the cities. This is not happening. . . . The reason is simple: The Chinese are assigned to jobs, and they are required to remain where they are assigned." Professor Galbraith makes no objection to this, and rests his case on a firm pragmatic standard: "And let there be no doubt: For the Chinese, it works." Just as, so they used to argue, slavery worked for the South.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your October 18 column "Endorsements from athletes misleading to American buyers" (I expect this title was chosen by the paper, not by you) prompts this unsolicited crank mail from me—this is the first column of yours I ever enjoyed, respected for its intelligence, and agreed with all at the same time. Good show.

Basically I can't stand you (as you appear to be from your columns, of course), but this particular one was so funny and so good I got inspired to write you my first and last letter. Have a good day,

Mrs. Mary Stuart Parker
Santa Fe, N.M.

Dear Mrs. Parker: May I put your testimonial on the jacket of my next book? —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Oregon Young Americans for Freedom has started a library. The purpose is to educate members of Young

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Americans for Freedom in the philosophical principles of conservatism.

We have named the library after Frank Meyer, because we feel Frank Meyer embodied the true spirit of educated conservatism and donated a large portion of his energies to helping the youth of the conservative movement.

The library will contain books of as many political opinions as possible, from traditional to libertarian and from right wing to left wing.

We already have over 125 volumes, but we consider this a humble start. We need more books. Perhaps your readers could help us in this effort by donating political books to our library.

Our future plans include expanding our Frank Meyer Library into a complete educational center. So you can see that we have many plans to continue conservative education here in the Wild West. Sincerely yours,

Lon Wall, Chairman
Oregon Young Americans for Freedom
P. O. Box 142, Newberg, Ore. 97132

■

UNITED STATES
ADVISORY COMMISSION ON INFORMATION
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20547

OFFICE OF THE CHAIRMAN November 15, 1972

Dear Bill:

A note from the Voice of America informs us that they provided you with a Nordmende receiver on a long-term loan basis when you first came aboard.

They have asked me to remind you that if you no longer use the set would you kindly return it to the Agency. Many thanks.

With best personal regards. Sincerely,

Louis T. Olom

November 21, 1972

Dear Lou:

You advise me that Voice of America asks, do I still have the portable radio they presented me with during my residence as a Commissioner of your august institution, and if so, would I please return it; to which I reply . . .

Anxious to do my duty, I took the radio on my trip to the Antarctic in January. You may or may not be aware that smack on the magnetic South Pole is a colony of 27 Russians. They are there apparently conducting scientific experiments, pledged to reveal their findings impartially to the world's scientific community. I desired to establish whether the Voice of America has a program beamed to this important colony. On arriving there, together with Secretary Chafee, Senators Goldwater and Buckley, and lesser gentlemen such as myself, I lugged my radio into the underground shelter where the Russians live and work, and while pretending to toast to international comity with vodka and caviar, I surreptitiously twiddled the dial in search of a program beamed to the South Pole. I must confess that I did not succeed, although I cannot say that my investigation was exhaustive, because one of my Russian hosts, suspecting that my concern for my radio in the circumstances was extra-scientific, began singing the Song of the Volga Boatmen most raucously, making it impossible to pursue my search for a signal beamed to the South Pole.

On my return to McMurdo Station, I discovered that the insides of the radio had frozen solid. But I managed, in Hong Kong, to eviscerate the old, and usher in the new, so that by the time I reached New Delhi, the radio was in perfect order, and served me greatly in passing along the news of the day to Ambassador Keating, whose reliance on Jack Anderson for the thrust of American foreign policy normally required him to wait as much as one week for his *Washington Post* to arrive in the diplomatic pouch.

I next used the radio at the meeting of the Commission in London, so attached had I become to it—rather to the concern of my colleagues who didn't feel it was a prudent use of my time to monitor the Voice in London while the Commission was attempting to interrogate prominent English lords and journalists, but my notebook reports that the Voice reaches London with great assurance, no doubt explaining the amicable relations between our two great countries.

And from there, of course, I went with the President's party to Peking, with my radio in hand—by this time we had become absolutely inseparable. You may have read that a Chinese band played "Home on the Range" at that first banquet in the Great Hall of the People. Well, actually, you have the Voice to thank. Because I was showing it off to the conductor, and remarking on the fine reception in Peking, when he thought to nudge the radio up against the microphone, suddenly drowning the entire Hall with the chorus of America's favorite Western song.

But this proved to be the final triumph of the radio. The next night, while my colleagues were listening to "The Red Detachment of Women," I was instead, though sitting in the auditorium, happily monitoring the Voice —I had bought myself an earplug in Hong Kong, so that I could listen uninterruptedly, without disturbing my companions. Suddenly an Oriental, with a fixed smile on his face, beckoned to me, politely but firmly, just at the moment when, on stage, Ching-hua was being beaten by a running dog. I was taken to a little office and interrogated. What was I doing? I said I was listening to my radio. They said: that isn't your radio, that radio belongs to the Voice of America. I said listen, goddammit, that radio was given to me by the Voice of America, the better to perform my duties for the United States Information Service, and no running dog of a Communist can get away with the slur on my country that when the Voice of America gives a Commissioner a radio, that radio still belongs to the government—we're not

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Do not entirely discount the recurring rumors about Henry Kissinger retiring from the White House to become head of the Rockefeller Foundation. Kissinger began his public career as foreign-policy adviser to Governor Nelson Rockefeller. If Kissinger wraps up the Paris peace talks he can retire at a moment of triumph. He has a fat offer for his memoirs. (There are rude rumors to the effect that he has been offered twice what the President has been offered for his.) He gave up his tenured position at Harvard two years ago. The Foundation would give him more money and power than any academic has. But with all that said, it still is probable that the rumors are a Kissinger tactic. Coming as they do while the President is considering government reorganization, these rumors may have been floated by Kissinger; they may be Kissinger's way of serving notice that he will not starve if he leaves the White House. Some people close to Kissinger admit that there is a pattern to such rumors about Kissinger: They surface when Kissinger thinks somebody may be trying to erode his dominant position.

■ Will Spiro Agnew re-establish diplomatic relations with Capitol Hill? This question intrigues the growing band of Agnew-watchers. They believe that if the Vice President is going to become President he may have to revise a policy he adopted three and a half years ago after an unpleasant experience while serving as President of the Senate. In July 1969, Mr. Agnew, who, unlike the last three Vice Presidents, never served as a member of Congress, was presiding in the Senate in anticipation of a possible tie vote on the extension of the surtax. Before the vote he lobbied several senators on the floor. Some senators were incensed by this violation of Senate protocol. As Rowland Evans and Robert Novak report in their book *Nixon in the White House*, Senator Lee Jordan of Idaho took the matter up at a Republican Policy Committee luncheon: "Jordan, a conservative who seldom made trouble about anything, delivered a little lecture about separation of powers, and then enunciated what became known as the Jordan Rule: Whenever the Vice President lobbied a senator about anything on the floor, he should vote the opposite way, whether or not it violated his principles and convictions. There was no dissent." Since then Agnew has spent little time on Capitol Hill. Most observers agree that there is no real *governmental* reason why he should spend time there, but there are good *political* reasons for him to cultivate close relations with the congressional wing of the GOP. This would be especially advantageous to Agnew now that relations between Republicans in Congress and the White House are worse than ever because of the unhelpful Nixon campaign this fall.

■ When the order went out for all presidential appointees to resign, the chant around the White House changed from "Four More Years!" to "Four More Weeks!" The battery of White House aides who worry about the care and feeding of the media probably anticipated that the weeks right after the election would be "slow news" weeks. Being convinced that an idle newsman's brain is the devil's playground, these aides may have thought: Just for giggles, let's have the President fire everybody. One thing is certain. When the shaking-up is done the principal presidential advisers, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Chapin and a couple of others, will still be on top.

■ The government in all its majesty is trying to decide what should be the price of bread. Raw agricultural products—like wheat—have not been controlled. As is well known, wheat sales to the Soviet Union are the key to a generation of peace between the Republican Party and the farm vote. These sales have pushed up the price of the principal ingredient in bread. But the price of bread is controlled. Should the price of bread go up? Are there more bread-eating voters than bread-producing voters? Sound like a mess? Not to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce it doesn't. Some Chamber officials recently marched up Capitol Hill to tell the Joint Economic Committee of Congress that they hope controls will continue. Hearing this, Senator William Proxmire (D., Wis.) thought he detected insufficient enthusiasm for the work ethic: "Your support of the price and wage controls makes me wonder if the controls aren't really becoming a shield for business which protects them [sic] from having to rely on competition and from having to rely on their own initiative in negotiating with labor." That said, Proxmire departed for a thousand mile walk/jog around Wisconsin, perhaps to get in shape for the ordeal ahead when the World's Greatest Deliberative Body comes to grips with the price of, say, sweatshirts.

■ The reason there is less resistance these days to attacks on congressional seniority could be, as political scientist Robert Peabody of Johns Hopkins points out, that there are fewer senior members of Congress. Forty-five of the hundred senators and 216 of the 433 congressmen in the 93rd Congress will have been in Washington six years or less. Some Capitol Hill observers believe the large number of relative newcomers will make it easier for the White House to dominate Congress, but it is also possible that these newcomers, finding the traditional House and Senate leadership structures weakened, will not be easily led by anyone. —CATO

Communist yet, said I triumphantly. At this point they called in the Chief of the People's Security, who said abruptly: "Our operatives inform us that that radio is still considered to be the property of the United States Government. Since it was made quite plain to all correspondents that they could bring to China only their personal property, your radio is herewith confiscated."

So you see, it wasn't my fault. If Voice had told me it was still government property after it was handed to me, I certainly wouldn't have exposed it to all those risks. Perhaps you can ask Henry Kissinger, on his next visit to Peking, to plead with the People's Security Service to return it?

With deepest apologies from your downcast friend,

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

—WFB

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Victory, Stalemate, Failure, Defeat?

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

A NUMBER of *NR* readers have written me or the magazine to complain of what they term my "pessimism" concerning Vietnam. I hope it has become clear over the years that my aim on this page is to carry on an objective analysis of events, not to give pep talks. My estimate of the Vietnam situation has nothing to do with either pessimism or optimism. It is either true (i.e., more probable on the basis of the evidence at hand than alternative estimates, which is as true as you can hope to get in these matters) or false. Let me review the Vietnam situation once more, as it is mirrored in the draft agreement published October 26 by North Vietnam and confirmed by Henry Kissinger as "substantially accurate."

How do the local peasants know who won the battle and who lost? The ones who ran away, they figure, are the losers; the ones who hold the field are the winners. According to the draft agreement, all U.S. troops are to leave South Vietnam within sixty days of signing. There is no corresponding obligation on the North Vietnamese.

After a war the loser pays reparations to the winner, not the winner to the loser. By the draft agreement the U.S. undertakes to pay reparations to North Vietnam.

The draft agreement deals with the fate of the territory and people of South Vietnam. It was, however, negotiated by representatives of the governments of North Vietnam and the United States. The Thieu (Saigon) regime was not represented in the negotiations, and is nowhere recognized in the text as the government of South Vietnam; nor is South Vietnam recognized as an independent nation. The logic both of the mode of negotiation and of the agreement equates the Thieu regime with the Provisional Revolutionary Government (Vietcong), both of which are, in the agreement's terminology, "parties." The agreement leaves the PRG in control of a considerable portion of South Vietnamese territory and population.

Reconciliation and Concord

The formula for the "Council of National Reconciliation and Concord"—one part Saigon, one part PRG, one part "neutral"—assumes this equality of "the two parties" and, by adding the "neutral" party, reduces the Saigon government's recognized share in the South Vietnamese political conglomerate to a third.

Let us remark in passing on the absurdity—and the hypocrisy—of the agreement's declaration that the Council is to supervise "free and democratic elections." Like those free and democratic elections in postwar Poland, Hungary, East Germany, Czechoslovakia?

Let us take note also of negative symbols. Under the agreement no foreign or insurgent troops are to be in *North* Vietnamese territory. No international force will supervise conduct of the ceasefire in *North* Vietnam. No tripartite Council of National Reconciliation and Concord is charged to conduct *North* Vietnamese elections.

If these signposts in the draft agreement are not enough to show its political direction, the choice of locale for straightening out what Henry Kissinger described as minor ambiguities in the original draft—everyone agrees there will be no major changes—is a charmingly transparent symbol. TV, magazines and newspapers featured pictures of the "Villa in Gif-sur-Yvette, once the property of the famous modern painter, Fernand Léger," where Kissinger, Le Duc Tho and their acolytes resumed their secret rituals. Few mentioned the further fact that Léger was a faithful member of the French Communist Party, that he willed his villa to the Party, and that the Party is its present owner. A curious choice of scene for inditing Peace with Honor. Metternich must be turning in his tomb.

There is no point, though, in "blaming" Kissinger or Nixon for the substance of the agreement. The agreement formalizes in words the real military and political situation on the ground—in the U.S. as well as Indochina.

Nixon's primary strategic aim, reflecting what has become close to a national consensus, is to get out of Indochina. The primary aim takes precedence over his secondary aim of preventing a Communist takeover of South Vietnam. The North Vietnamese have been badly hurt in the past six months and find themselves for the time being militarily stalemated. Therefore they are willing to de-escalate direct military struggle for a while, and to press their protracted conflict by other means. They have not renounced their goal of a united (i.e., all-Communist) Vietnam, and their troops, regular and guerrilla, as well as their political operatives remain on South Vietnamese station.

Realities and Words

Given these realities, the terms of the agreement, plus or minus a detail or two, follow. There could have been a substantially different agreement only if the reality had been different: if, for example, we had *defeated* the North Vietnamese army, in which case there would have been no arguments over whether North Vietnamese troops would stay in South Vietnam, or Hanoi-led Communists share the job of supervising South Vietnamese elections. But we did not defeat the North Vietnamese. Even if what has happened to us is not precisely a "defeat," not the "surrender" that Prof. Francis Loewenheim named it in an eloquent article on the December 1 *Times* Op Ed page, it is most certainly a failure: We failed to accomplish the objective that sent our men to Indochina. A Communist takeover by stages now becomes just short of certain. If South Vietnam *plus* the U.S. could not defeat North Vietnam. how can we expect South Vietnam alone to do so?

Nevertheless, I will close with my customary optimism. President Thieu's resistance to the terms of the draft agreement proved not only that he comprehended the perspective of Communist takeover that is its essential meaning but that he is not going to accept that perspective without making a fight. When a brave man is ready to fight for what he believes, he always has a chance, whatever the odds against him. I hope he won't have to be fighting against us as well as the Communists. □

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LETTER FROM CHILE

An Explosive Chess Game

NENA OSSA

"Any alcohol?"
"Not a drop."
"Any hope?"
"Hope is the only thing we've had for the past six months. . . ."

THE VARIOUS faces and the variety of replies to the same question at well over a dozen of the many pharmacies scattered over greater Santiago are a good barometer these days of the disenchantment, enervation and frustrations—and, fortunately, a lingering sense of humor—which grip the Chilean man in the street. It also indicates that shortages were hitting home long before the recent nationwide strike very nearly paralyzed Chile. But neither political unrest nor the galloping inflation (130 per cent this year) has managed to halt the avalanche-style Marxist program of Dr. Allende's two-year-old administration.

"Can Marxism be checked?" I asked 36-year-old Orlando Sáenz, an engineer and the éminence grise of the movement to defend what is left of Chilean private enterprise against the "legal" maneuvering of the government coalition. "I am optimistic . . ." he said. "I would not be in Chile if I weren't. I am here because I believe democracy is going to win, though I cannot be sure. Yet I am more optimistic today than a month ago. This strike is the greatest blow Allende has suffered. A new power has emerged in Chile. . . . Today the unions, or, rather, the guilds, and the country, feel this new-born power. Chile will never be the same again. The whole political panorama has changed . . ."

These words were spoken by Señor Sáenz 48 hours after Allende appointed three members of the military to his new cabinet. "We have an Anacin cabinet . . ." said a newspaper headline, "It has calmed the nerves and lowered the fever, but . . . will it end the headaches?" The "bourgeois insurrection," as the Socialist Party calls the 24-day-long protest, brought together as never before Chile's middle class and her proletariat. While the working class has been an organized power for years, the middle class, the small entrepreneurial class, was uncoordinated and unconscious of its power.

Aisén, where the truckers' strike began, was the detonator: 123 guilds and institutions joined the protest against nationalization of private transport. At Puerto Montt, where it rains eleven months of the year, two hundred trucks lined up on the highway leading into the city. There owners and their families stayed for 24 bleak October days. Peasants from surrounding farms brought them food. Other sectors showed equal determination. In Osorno, 96 per cent of the industry was at a standstill, 98 per cent of the shops closed, and the peasants' strike was 100 per cent effective. To the north, in Arica, industry stopped altogether. In Los Angeles, the situation was so tense that the government imposed a 3 P.M. curfew.

The strike by Chile's new anti-Marxist coalition had results: 1) The cabinet was forced to resign twenty days after the strike began. 2) Radio stations which had been put under government control at the onset of the strikes were freed to broadcast their own news, and 3) the government returned the southern newspaper *La Mañana* to its owners, obeying an injunction of the Supreme Court for the first time.

How effective are these small victories? Can General Carlos Prats, the new Minister of the Interior *and* Commander in Chief of the armed forces, halt Marxism? Or is he Allende's tool? What about the elections? Prats is an enigma, and feared by all factions. It was, after all, the Communist Party which first conceived the idea of a cabinet with military members. The left-radical MIR was and is publicly very much against it, and so is the militant faction of the Socialist Party. Prats' cabinet appointment, in fact, was greeted by the Socialist *Punto Final* with this warning, "The armed forces, despite their wish to maintain neutrality . . . will be forced to choose. . . . They [President Allende and the military] all know that the proletariat cannot possibly forgo their class struggle." Prats' first thirty days in power have not assuaged the distrust of the private sector either.

He settled the October strike by agreeing to three of the Opposition's demands: 1) no further government requisitions at least until the March elections when Allende's Marxist programs will be put to a popular test; 2) property confiscated during the strike is to be returned to its rightful owners; and 3) no government reprisals against strikers or businesses involved in the strike. The strikers believed that General Prats' presence in the cabinet, would, by guarding the uneasy truce, at least insure elections in March. Now Chileans are not so sure. Prats has not lived up to his agreement: Dozens of strikers have been fired, requisitions continue, and very few of the properties seized in October have been returned. On the plus side, however, Prats has revoked the regulation which kept businesses from obtaining bank credits if they participated in the strike. The small retailers, however, need more help than that, at least if they are to remain independent. The Allende-controlled industries are passing them over and selling directly to the workers either through the unions or at the worker settlements that surround Santiago.

WILL General Prats make a move to defend what is left of Chile's private sector, or is he after all part of the behind-the-scenes Communist strategy?

The Communist Party is the power behind the Chilean revolution, controlling as it does the Chilean economy through key posts in the cabinet, the Tax Department, and the nationalized industries and banks. But it does not control the guns . . . yet. They are astute players, the Communists, and their strategy may be either to divide or to discredit the armed forces, leaving Prats holding the bag. They might even induce a second general strike, this time directed against General Prats, in order to pit the Opposition against the armed forces.

That would be the moment to pack and leave! □

Mrs. Ossa is NATIONAL REVIEW*'s correspondent in Chile.*

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THE CONSERVATIVE CHALLENGE

There is a chance for the Republicans to latch on to a large segment of the old New Deal vote. But, says Mr. Phillips, Republicans will boot it unless they understand what's going on, and capitalize on it

The Future of American Politics

KEVIN PHILLIPS

CAN THE PARTY of Jefferson, Jackson and Roosevelt, of Pittsburgh steelers and Georgia crackers, find happiness and success wearing the dashikis and purple sunglasses of the New Left?

Can the party of McKinley, Hoover and Taft, of Michigan dairymen, suburban sales managers and blue-rinse matrons, find happiness and success speaking for the hopes and needs of Dixiecrats, Rocky Mountain populists and Northern Catholic ethnics?

I think the answer to the first question is no, while the answer to the second question is maybe.

For anyone who may not have noticed, U.S. presidential politics is undergoing an historic upheaval. However different things may be on local levels, in presidential elections, the two parties are exchanging large chunks of their traditional electorate. The GOP is taking over below the Mason-Dixon line, and the Democrats are homing in on New England and the Upper Midwest (Minnesota, Wisconsin et al.), historic strongholds of post-Civil War Republicanism. There has not been anything like it since the middle of the eighteenth century, when England and France, the chief rivals of Europe, got tired of their traditional allies (Austria and Prussia) and swapped, each getting the other's old ally.

Will it work? Not very easily, I'm afraid, and that is one of the reasons why our contemporary party system is so badly askew. We have Old Coalition Democrats in control of Congress and New Coalition Republicans in the White House. Neither seems able to mobilize the intellectual and cultural stuff of which enduring across-the-board coalitions are made.

Nor is this paralysis likely to sort itself out overnight. The central complication is the rise of a new elite that has gathered unto itself many of the old working-class hostilities hitherto reserved for bankers and mill owners. I am referring to the new liberal elite of social activism, radical chic, communications and so forth. Herman Kahn and others have laid bare its dynamics—and also the great antipathy that its self-serving, interest-group liberalism has aroused in the average American. These are the mainsprings of the "New Politics," and of the emergence of a new opposing coalition.

Forty years ago, the New Deal coalition took shape in the Depression economy of a tottering industrial society. Intellectuals were so poor themselves that many needed the WPA to survive. In 1936 the interests and economics of Idaho miners, Dakota wheatgrowers, Akron rubber-workers and Carolina millhands dominated the Democratic coalition. But the soaring prosperity of the next three decades changed the composition of America's economy—and politics. By the late Sixties, 35 per cent of the U.S. Gross National Product was accounted for by the production, consumption and dissemination of knowledge. And the new elite? We all know who they are: the mandarins of the Ford Foundation, the know-it-alls of the great communications empires, the Brotherhood industrialists and all the professor-consultants who are doing well by doing good. This new elite has a big stake in change; change is what keeps the knowledge bucks flowing.

1976: The *Year*

Unfortunately, change can also get out of hand, as it did during the Sixties. It is one thing to throw out stodgy mores; it is something else to kick the props out from under society in the name of welfare rights, busing, Gay Liberation, amnesty, disarmament, drugs, *Oh! Calcutta!* and the rest of the McGovernite litany. Yet for all their absurdity—and the creaming that George McGovern received on November 7—these are the *causae* of a growing constituency.

Pollster Lou Harris thinks that the "change coalition," which fell short in 1972, will go over the top in 1976. I doubt that, but I believe that the "change constituencies" within the Democratic Party *will* keep it slanted in a fundamentally "New Politics" McGovern-Kennedy-Muskie direction.

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Sure, the New Politics crowd will lose a few party battles in the near future because of backlash against the McGovern abortion. Yet the demography of 1976 Democratic presidential selection clearly favors the Left. Even if some of the 1972 reforms are scuttled, there will be primaries, and these will reflect the new numbers. Check any profile of the U.S. birthrate and decade-by-decade age patterns and you will see that 1976 shapes up as the "Year of the Kid." The Baby Boom of the late Forties and Fifties will pump more 18 to 24 year olds into the electorate than we have ever had before—or will have again for the foreseeable future. After 1976, the Baby Boom crop will be maturing, and the age of the average voter will climb for the rest of the century: 1976 will be *the* year.

Chicano and black voter registration is at an all-time high, and given the increasing activism of both blocs, the Democratic Convention will find it very difficult to reduce their 1976 delegate strength below that of 1972. Meanwhile, the leverage of the Old Guard is likely to be less. George Meany may not last the four years, and organized labor's power has been splintered by this year's fratricidal strife over McGovern. As for Southern Democrats, their influence in 1976 is likely to be minimized simply because it is inconceivable that any Democratic presidential nominee can carry their states. George Wallace may not be much of a factor at all four years hence. His endorsements in this year's congressional races mostly flopped, e.g., his totally unsuccessful last-minute backing of Strom Thurmond's Democratic opponent (Thurmond won re-election by 63 per cent). Moreover, Archie Bunker types are already making barstool conversation about the injured Governor's sexual limitations: His *machismo*, so important with the poolroom set, is ebbing, and probably can't be revitalized.

Despite the efforts of Old Guard Democratic congressmen, local pols and state officials, the strong prospect is for a 1976 presidential nominee at least acceptable to, if not handpicked by, the New Politics wing of the party. Teddy Kennedy could well be the man. Should Kennedy fall short or opt out, the Democrats could turn to Sargent Shriver, Adlai Stevenson III or Senator Walter Mondale, all better grist for the mill of conservative and Republican opportunity.

Two Chances for the GOP

Where does this leave us? If the Democrats serve up Stevenson or Mondale four years hence, the GOP—yes, even Spiro—can probably hold the White House with the support of conservative Southern, Western and ethnic voters increasingly disgusted with the elitist, minority-group and activist bent of the national Democratic Party. Plenty of conservative Democratic congressmen and leaders will be glad to offer their behind-the-scenes help. Another 1972-type negative GOP presidential triumph in 1976 probably wouldn't even cost the Democrats the Congress.

The big question is whether Republicans (and conservatives) can do better and forge a new across-the-board majority. Obviously, the opportunity to become the political vehicle for the historic Democratic anti-elitist constituencies, from Southern Wallaceites to Northern ethnics, presents the GOP with important psychological, ideological and economic hurdles. After all, bourgeois Republicanism is *little more* sympathetic historically to the traditional Democratic constituencies than the latter are to the new liberal activist elite. But I said "little more." There is a difference. The disparity between suburban insurance managers and Polish steelworkers is an old one but it is fading as the prosperous AFL-CIO member climbs to $12,000 a year and a house in Levittown. As these ancient enmities ease, the new ones—all the more poignant because they are new—pit the anger of the traditional productive elements of society (the "technologically obsolescent" of New Left secret memos) against the Greening of America's indolent affluents.

This shift in political grudge warfare offers the GOP two chances: 1) the opportunity to mobilize conservative

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Democratic traditionalists against the Greening of America/New Politics crowd; and 2) the chance to hammer out a common philosophy of progress that will go beyond a shared *negativism* to a shared *positive* program for America. To date, the Nixon Administration has had some success in the first instance, and very little in the second.

An Historical Precedent?

Here is where the deficiencies of many Republicans, and the managerial hierarchs in the Nixon Administration particularly, come into unfortunate prominence. For four years, a great philosophic and political opportunity has been staring the Nixon Administration in the face, and it has lacked the competence to grasp it. With a record 40 per cent or so of Americans identifying themselves as conservatives, the Nixon Administration had so little to cower behind shallow media propa- philosophic and cultural know-how that in 1970 and 1971, it actually began turning *toward* such nonsense as busing and more welfare, all the while perpetuating Great Society social programs recognized as failures from Maine to California.

Not surprisingly, White House political campaigns suffered from this appalling deficiency. In 1968, all the high command could do in late October was ganda as their early lead shrank by 2 to 3 per cent a week. In 1970, with no possible claim to constructive conservative philosophy or program shifts, the Administration could only seek to ride the conservative tide with abrasive "law'n'order" campaigning that annoyed voters with its shrill superficiality. And then in 1972, confronted by the ideological opportunity of a generation, the Administration became involved in dirty tricks (Watergate and Segretti), staining the Republican Party's image and alienating voters who would have responded to a positive neo-conservative blueprint for America.

In Daniel Webster's era, the Whigs could never bring themselves to stand for more than managerialism, slick deals and self-perpetuation in power. Remember that Whiggery (circa 1854) was the parent of the Republican Party. Much the same thing seems to be true of the White House's New Whigs of the IBM and McLuhan Era. Each election year since 1968, August has brought great conservative hope and promise—and November has just as surely brought a shabby campaign finale that has not only aborted ideological opportunity but caused many Republicans to be ashamed of their party. The victories won have been almost entirely negative: *against* Hubert Humphrey, the war and the Great Society; *against* such genuine elitists as Messrs. Duffey, Ottinger, Metzenbaum, Tydings and Gore; and in 1972 *against* George McGovern, the first presidential candidate in history to run on a doubt-and-downgrade America platform.

But if we are to break out of this vicious stalemate between managerial negativism and radical absurdity, conservatives must change too. When conservatives have railed against the Nixon Administration and its failure to concretize conservative philosophy or ride a seeming conservative tide, they have too often seized on the wrong issues. Growing conservative self-identification among American voters, now and in recent years, has not rested on disenchantment with wage-price controls or successful Nixonian summitry in Moscow and Peking. Likewise, the fulcrum of ideological gain is not adherence to classic conservatism, but rather hostility toward the emerging liberal elite of amorality-activists and social-change merchants (cf., the "Poverty-Education-Industrial Complex" documented by Representative Edith Green).

Let's Be Positive!

The next decade will be a crucial sorting-out period. To come out on top, conservatism must recognize that it no longer represents the nation's elite; that its opportunity does not lie in Bar Harbor but in Brooklyn and Bayou LaFourche. Whiggery will not do. When conservatism spoke for the elite, it could be a genteel holding-action for the status quo. Not now. To succeed, it must become an activist philosophy based on recognition of human limitations—Hobbesian realities, if you like—that Rousseau-gone-bananas liberalism has lost in its imagined golden sunrise of free love, free welfare, instant integration and overnight disarmament. Let me go back, however, and underline the "activist." However tired the American people may be of the ineffectual and self-serving government programs of the Sixties, more than their dismantling is necessary: Conservatism must evolve its own positive approaches to housing, education, unemployment, productivity and the rest of our national challenges. This activism is the baton which the New Majority must accept from the exhausted New Deal coalition if conservatism is to win the next lap of American politics. □

"It's encouraging to see the emphasis shifting away from power blocs and pressure groups back to the individual."

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The meaning of the defeat on November 19 of the party of Adenauer. What it means for the future, and some of the root reasons behind West Germany's turn to the Social Democrats and Willy Brandt's Ostpolitik

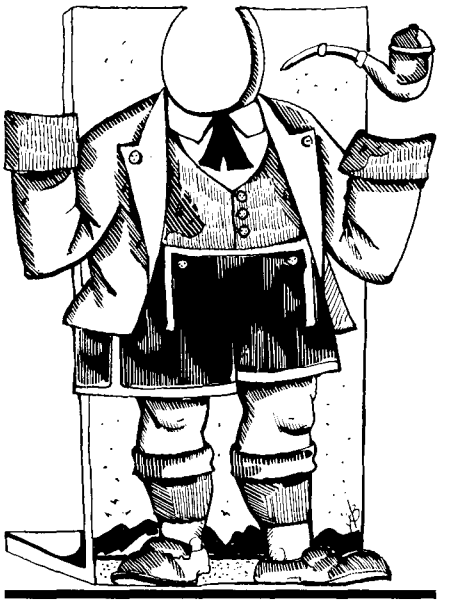
I. The Election

NORBERT MUHLEN

BERLIN, Nov. 21—On that gloomy Sunday, despite heavy storms and fog, 91 per cent of the West German electorate went to the polls. "Have you heard?" the barman of my favorite pub asked me late election night, when the returns were in, "We used to have an old joke that a pessimist here learns Russian, and an optimist, Chinese. But now they both have to learn the same language—Finnish." I didn't get it until he explained: "To be ready for the Finlandization of Europe."

With the November 19 elections, Finlandization took a great leap forward in Germany. But most voters—winners and losers alike, and the pollsters, too—were too surprised by the returns to think much about the long-term effects. Nobody expected the shattering defeat of the conservative middle-of-the-road Christian Democratic Union (CDU). It had governed the Federal Republic for its first twenty years, and up to now had remained the strongest party. But three years ago, the left-of-center Social Democratic Party (SPD) combined forces with the small third party, the liberal Free Democrats (FPD), and took power in Bonn. Their social-liberal coalition, as it is called here, came to a premature end this fall when a number of the SPD-FPD Bundestag deputies left party ranks, and new elections had to be called. A clear and comfortable majority for the Socialists and Free Democrats who together had previously run only neck-and-neck with the CDU was the outcome.

This was the end of a campaign



fought with an unprecedented bitterness in recent German history. The CDU concentrated on promises—a return to the economic stability endangered by the coalition's socialistic trends, a return to political stability threatened by left-wing radicals, a return to law-and-order, and a return to a more pronounced pro-Western, especially pro-American, foreign policy. The CDU's standard-bearer, Rainer Barzel, a skilful and competent political pro, had no charisma, therefore the CDU campaigned on issues rather than personalities. In contrast, the government parties put the whole weight of their electioneering propaganda behind incumbent Chancellor Willy Brandt. With his old mariner's face, which seems to come right out of a medieval wood-cut, appearing thoughtful, melancholy, hearty or earthy on cue, the loser of the last decade finally made it. Brandt seems to embody the image of a democratic *pater patriae* so dear to the modern German heart. In the eyes of many, his businesslike opponent Barzel appeared much "less German," neither a leadership type nor a father figure. In a nation that has not yet fully overcome its old reverence for the "non-political," a professional politician generates distrust. The voters chose between these two personalities.

Prosperity and Peace?

The majority did not respond to the economic scare tactic of the CDU. True, everybody smarts under an inflation which has raised the price level by more than 8 per cent in the last year; a meal in a restaurant today costs about twice as much as a few years ago. Nobody can convince the Germans today that they "never had it so good," as Chancellor Adenauer did in the 1950s, but the majority feels that it is still reasonably well off. Many Germans are satisfied and obviously do not think it is time for a change.

They agreed with the Socialist campaign poster which, parodying the CDU's warnings, warned: "German workers, the SPD wants to take away your vacation chalets in Switzerland!" Old-fashioned class resentment, if not class hatred, was ruthlessly exploited by the SPD, which claimed it was defending the workingman against "the rich" and against "the corporations." Substantial minorities inside the SPD served as storm troopers by openly and radically demanding the socialization of big industries and urban real estate. The Socialist youth organization, the so-called *Jusos*, along with the young Liberals (*Judos*), fought for a "restructuring" of Germany under the banner of Marx, Mao and Marcuse: they found allies in some sections of the trade-

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union movement whose main body is closely tied to the SPD. They urged a new "media policy" that, in all practical effects, would be tantamount to political control of published information and opinion; they proposed laws which would give the government the right to establish maximum circulation figures for newspapers in order "to protect the readers from one-sided information." Such laws would cut down the large circulation of the popular dailies published by the conservative Axel Springer chain, a source of continuous left-wing outrage although most other mass media, from TV to influential weekly papers, lean heavily toward the extreme left.

During the campaign, SPD radicals honored an agreement with the party leadership to tone down their radical demands in order not to frighten away more moderate followers. But on election night at the victory party of the SPD in Bonn, the *Juso* leader was overheard telling the Chancellor: "Your foreign policy is fine, Willy, we go along with it, but our struggle for socialism can now begin."

As it turned out, the SPD-FPD's Ostpolitik which they call "peace politics" had a mighty impact on voters, especially the younger ones who were casting ballots for the first time. The treaty with the East German government was skilfully readied just in time for election day. Brandt and his followers thereby abandoned their fellow Germans across the Wall, because, they explained, it was time to recognize "the realities."

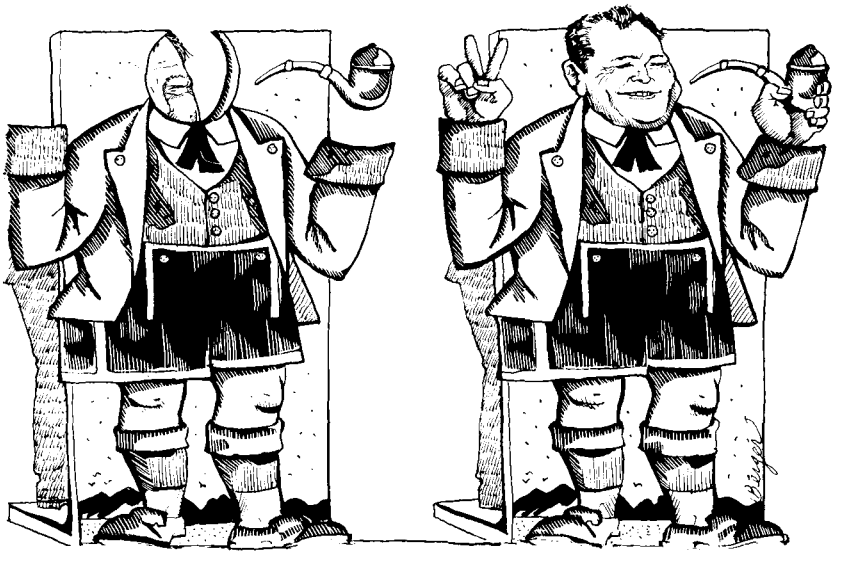
One weighty argument the coalition used in defense of Ostpolitik was that it was fully in step with Western, and particularly American, policies. "Nixon went to Moscow, so why shouldn't we?" This was simplistic and somewhat misleading, but it seemed conclusive; the average *bürger* could not be expected to grasp the basic difference between the détente initiatives of Washington and Bonn. The vicious anti-American barrage carried on by most of Germany's mass media and of its intellectuals notwithstanding, the average German still wants to remain in step with the U.S., and he feels protected by what seems to him to be official American happiness about his country's eastward drift. Had one signal of misgivings about Brandt's Eastern policy come from Washington, many observers agree, it could have changed the minds of some German voters, and, by this, the election outcome.

A Viable Alternative

The governments and the press of Eastern Europe and of the Soviet Union plugged Brandt as "the peace candidate" and the "champion of détente." It helped too that the Western press favored him. (Although not often with the enthusiasm of David Binder, the *New York Times*' chief correspondent in Bonn, who, in a rare show of journalistic detachment, tore down a CDU election poster near his house, and then explained to the local police that he just couldn't stomach seeing it.) The Nobel Peace Prize awarded Brandt last year also didn't hurt.

In the next four years of Socialist rule in West Germany, we can expect a gradual loosening of ties with the Western alliance and a move toward a more neutral stance between West and East. To some degree, this could result from uncertainties about U.S. policies. As SPD speakers repeatedly stressed throughout the campaign, the U.S. will "eventually withdraw its troops from Europe," and will "drop us as it dropped Taiwan and South Vietnam." To an equal degree, ideology plays its part: Some of Brandt's foreign policymakers (but not Brandt himself, necessarily), and many of his more radical followers feel themselves more closely related to the stray Marxist brothers of the East than to the imperialists and capitalists of the West. A strong, neutral, Socialist Europe, led by a Socialist Germany, is their ultimate vision, with America eventually losing interest and pulling out. They gloss over the fact that this road must lead to the Soviet Union's assuming America's role in Western Europe, and particularly in Germany.

But it should be remembered—although everybody here forgot it amidst the tears and jubilations of the Brandt victory—that the CDU pulled 44.8 per cent of the vote; in other words, it remains a substantial opposition that may be able to slow, and later on perhaps block, Germany's road to the Finland Station. The opposition proved particularly strong in southern Germany: the CSU, the Bavarian affiliate of the somewhat less outspokenly anti-Communist and conservative CDU, won an absolute majority under the leadership of Franz-Josef Strauss, a brilliant political intellectual behind his mask of a beer-hall peasant. And the CDU won in Baden-Wuerttenberg, the second southern state. So there are three Germanies now—the Communist Germany in the east, the Socialist Germany in the north and the industrial west, the conservative Germany in the predominantly Catholic south. "The conservatives ruled for twenty years, and they brought prosperity, peace, international friendship to Germany; the Socialists have now ruled for only three years, and although they have added little to Germany's assets and given away a lot, still the time was too short for people to understand this, and to throw them out. Give them another four years, and their time will be over," one German observer assured me. Americans and Germans alike—both in their respective national interests, and in their common interest—can only hope that no irreparable damage will be done during that period. □



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II. The Underlying Factors

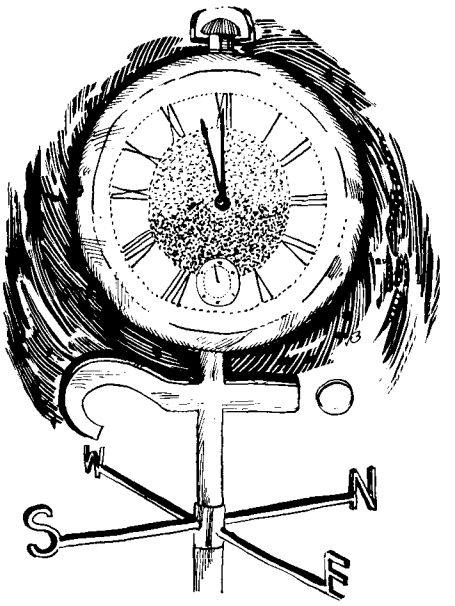
HENRY REGNERY

ONE's first impression of Germany is of an enormously prosperous, busy country. The bombed cities have been rebuilt, everyone seems to have a Mercedes, a Volkswagen or something in between, which he drives with utter disregard of his own or anyone else's safety; the papers run pages of help-wanted ads and the shops display luxury goods of the most bewildering variety; the air in the industrial cities is heavy with pollution, the highways are crowded with cars and trucks, as is the Rhine with shipping.

But beneath all this activity and *Wohlstand* runs a strong current of unrest and uncertainty. The Free University of Berlin, for example, founded in protest to the Communist domination of the old Humboldt University, is now virtually paralyzed and largely controlled by Communist student groups; the other universities are also in a state of greater or less disorder. Besides the universities, a number of the teacher-training institutes have been infiltrated by the Communists, and the process has also begun in the courts.

The confusion of the German intelligentsia is suggested by the reaction to the Baader-Meinhof terrorist group, which styled itself the "*Rote Armee Fraktion*," and which, until it was broken up last spring, caused the death of ten persons, the serious wounding of 32, and was involved in seventeen bank robberies and six bombings. There were many sympathizers with the group; like the terrorists themselves, they were students, professors, journalists and writers. The working class was conspicuously absent. When three of the group were sentenced to three years in jail for setting fire to a Frankfurt department store, a prominent Protestant theologian protested vehemently in the influential liberal weekly *Die Zeit*. "A penal code," he wrote, "which protects property so much more than persons urgently needs revision." He thought that the accused should be treated leniently because no one in this case had been hurt and because they had acted from idealistic motives—setting the fires was an expression of their convictions, which, he said, "deserve respect."

Besides the New Left in the universities, which is largely the Old Left in a new guise, there is a strong New Left in Willy Brandt's Social Democratic Party (SPD). This group, the *Jungsozialisten* or *Jusos*, is made up of all members of the party between the ages of sixteen and 35, and claims some 250,000 members, or about 30 per cent of the party membership. Leadership is in the hands of a militant minority. In 1971 about 24 per cent of the total membership was classed as workingmen, but at the 1972 conference of the Young Socialists, workingmen made up only 5 per cent of the delegates, and



students 50 per cent. A principal objective of the *Jusos* is to "re-ideologize" the SPD—to make the party militantly socialist and anticapitalist, as it once was.

An important factor in the German situation is the press, which is for the most part decidedly left-liberal (as a result of policies established in the early days of military government). An American accustomed to the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, *Time* and *Newsweek* will feel quite at home with the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, *Die Zeit* or *Der Spiegel*. In Germany, except for the Springer papers, there is almost nothing else. TV and radio are also decidedly left-liberal, and anti-American. All this sounds little different from our own situation, but in Germany there is no effective opposition; none, that is, on the level of ideas. There is nothing comparable to NATIONAL REVIEW, *Human Events*, the *Alternative*, or *Modern Age*.

It seems to be characteristic of Germans to do things to extremes, which, of course, has its positive aspects—Beethoven, for example, or Mosel wine. During the Hitler period, everything had to be conducted according to the *Führer-Prinzip*—the affairs of every village *Mutter-* or *Gesangverein* were supposed to be conducted according to the leadership principle. Now, thanks to "re-education" of the postwar Occupation, "democracy" is the word. Whether it makes any sense or not, everything must be done democratically; to say that something is *undemokratisch* is the ultimate accusation, is fatal. The response to extreme authoritarianism, similarly, is a distrust of all authority—the support of the Baader-Meinhof terrorist group by many intellectuals is a good example.

Consider the universities. The students, no doubt, had some legitimate grievances: The universities were overcrowded, the number of professorships was not increased as the number of students increased, the professors themselves appeared to be arrogant and unbending. These grievances, whether legitimate or not, plus the unrest of the time, were skilfully exploited by the Communists for their own purposes. The answer of the authorities, particularly in Berlin and in the states governed by the Social Democrats, was democracy. The universities would be democratized; who but a fascist could object to that?

Formerly, the universities had been governed by the full professors, the *ordentliche Professoren*; they elected the rector, who served for one year, also the deans of the faculties, and largely controlled appointments and the teaching program. Under the new, democratic system instituted first in Berlin and followed, in a less extreme form, in the other states governed by the Social Democrats, control is divided between the professors, the assistants (who have their own grudges against the professors) and the students. In

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Berlin, even the maintenance people and the secretaries have a vote.

The Communists, who were well organized, moved in, joined forces with the left-leaning assistants, and quickly gained control; the majority of students, as everywhere else, had come to the university to learn rather than to engage in politics, so that in student elections it was easy for the Communists, who know what they want, to take over. In Berlin, in certain departments, the control of appointments, of the teaching program, of the granting of degrees, is entirely in the hands of the Communists. Many of the better professors have left, and it has become impossible to fill positions with competent people. In the medical department, for example, where the leftist students demanded that the course in Social Medicine be conducted according to the principles of Marxism-Leninism, there are thirteen vacant professorships.

One rather amusing and entirely consistent result of all this is an enormous increase in the bureaucracy required to run the university. In Berlin, for example, 348 assistants, 346 students and 62 maintenance people are required full time for administrative purposes under the new, democratic system, and while the academic achievement of the university has drastically declined, the budget has increased from $64 million in 1968 to $138 million in 1972.

The situation in the other German universities is not as bad as in Berlin, although Hamburg approaches it, but it is bad enough, particularly in the states governed by the Socialists. At the University of Regensburg, in CSU-governed Bavaria, the rector, an admitted Communist, agreed to allow a self-appointed board of student censors, to decide to whom, and to what extent, the rights of academic freedom and free investigation should be granted. A professor at the Free University in Berlin, who has since left to accept a position in a leading American university, told me that the German universities had survived the Nazis better than they would the Social Democrats.

The members of the New Left in the universities, I was told, come not from the lower, but largely from the upper level of the social scale. Why should young people who have had the opportunity of education, particularly in Berlin, within sight of the Wall with its barbed wire, watch towers, and machine guns, turn Communist? The explanation one often hears is that they "have had it too good," are bored and spoiled. This, I think, is much too facile; the answer can better be sought in the present situation of Germany.

Contrasts

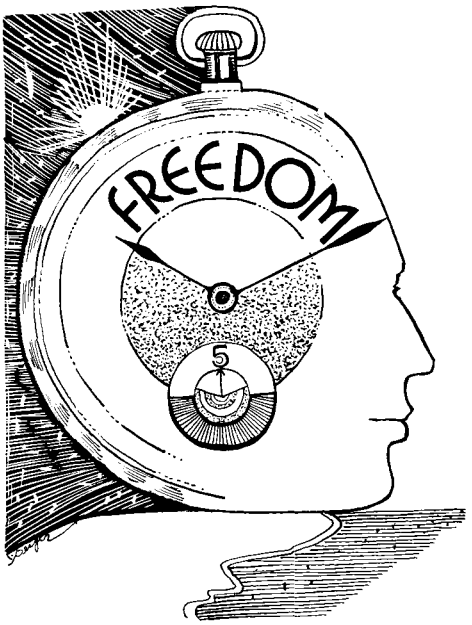
The war has been over 27 years, just about a generation; Germany is still a divided, occupied country. The smaller, eastern part, the German Democratic Republic (DDR) as it is called, has a population of some twenty million, a rigid Communist regime with East Berlin as its capital, and is occupied by about twenty Russian divisions. It is separated from the German Federal Republic by a border guarded by every lethal instrument human ingenuity can devise to make it impossible to cross.

In spite of having been looted and pillaged by the Russians, the DDR has achieved a fairly high standard of living, which though way lower than the Federal Republic's, is higher, from all accounts, than anywhere else in the Communist bloc. The Federal Republic, which was originally established on a provisional basis to emphasize its claim to be the legitimate government of all Germany, has become one of the most productive areas in the world and a major factor in world trade and international finance.

To emphasize its provisional character, Bonn, a charming university town on the Rhine, was made the capital, and the constitution, for the same reason, was called not a constitution, but the basic law. Bonn is the administrative center, but is not a capital in the sense that Berlin was a capital, or Paris and London are capitals now; the Federal Republic has no capital, for that matter, no real center. West Germany has an army, but it is not, really, a German army, and the Federal Republic is dependent for its defense on the thousands of foreign troops, most of them American, stationed within its borders.

There is in Germany, so far as I could discover, no person (or institution either, for that matter) who speaks with authority. Not authority in the sense of the policeman or tax collector, but in the sense meant in the Bible when it is said that Jesus "spoke as one with authority." During the Nazi period such men as the bishops of Cologne and Munich spoke with authority, and the weight of their voices certainly contributed to the restoration of order after the war. In the immediate postwar period there were, for example, Bishop Dibelius of Berlin, and the priest and professor at the University of Munich Romano Guardini, who spoke with authority, as did, in a different way, Chancellor Adenauer. Now no one speaks with authority—Willy Brandt is a popular and attractive man, but no Adenauer; Rudolph Augstein, the publisher of *Der Spiegel*, has a great influence (largely destructive), and about as much moral authority, as, say, Hugh Hefner in this country.

The younger generation has been cut off from its past as a result of the Hitler



period, the war, and the Occupation; the links with German history and tradition have been largely broken. The generation that pulled the country together after the war, rebuilt the cities, the churches, the schools, the universities, got business and industry going again, provided jobs, still had roots in the past; that generation is largely gone, and much of the best of the next generation was sacrificed in the war. The generation that is now coming of age is without roots or leadership.

Those in the New Left or influenced by it think they see in their own country a society devoted to production and consumption and nothing more—the *Leistungsgesellschaft* they contemptuously call it, although they are glad to have the things it provides. To the east, in the DDR, they see a society that knows what it wants and where it is going, and makes demands on its youth.

The overriding political issue in Germany today is Ostpolitik. During the

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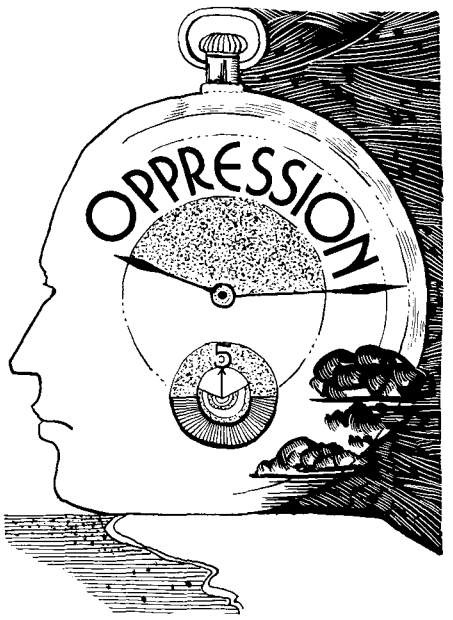
period of the Kiesinger government a start was made to put relations with the Communist states on a more normal basis, but under Brandt the opening to the East has been pushed with break-neck speed. Without going into details, Ostpolitik as it now stands will result in the establishment of formal relations between the two German states, the admission of both to the UN, and the diplomatic recognition of the DDR in turn by other states, including the U.S.

The previous policy of the Federal Republic was based on the claim that it alone, since it was elected freely and democratically, was the legitimate German government. The key element of this policy was the maintenance of close ties with the West—the treaty of friendship with France negotiated by Adenauer and de Gaulle and the presence of American troops not as an army of occupation but as allies are visible elements of this.



Looking Ahead

Ostpolitik has been welcomed in Germany, particularly among the intellectuals, as the dawn of a new and better day. Many, however, are asking what, in the longer view, may lie ahead for the Federal Republic. When, for example, the DDR has established diplomatic relations not only with the Federal Republic but with the other nations of the world as well, and East Berlin becomes a real capital, not, admittedly, of a united Germany, but of a productive, vigorous nation of twenty million, what will happen to West Berlin, even more to Bonn, the provisional capital on the Rhine? Will the Federal Republic be able to maintain itself, with its highly permissive society, its alienated youth, its lack of direction and self-confidence, in the face of a determined, disciplined German state to the east?

When this question is asked in West Germany one receives, not unexpectedly, different answers. A professor in Bonn, a friend of Willy Brandt and a close observer of the political scene with many influential connections, replied: "If the present trend continues, the Federal Republic will be a part of the DDR within five years." A successful, well-educated, sophisticated manufacturer in southern Germany said much the same thing, and a professor at the Free University in Berlin remarked, "If the SPD wins the election, a German government within four years will be asking you to get your troops out."

A prominent official of German television whom I saw in Berlin, and who had spent several years in the United States, was much more optimistic. The East, he said, so long as it remains Communist, will never be able to catch up with the West. He had seen Chancellor Brandt the day before he saw me, he said, and repeated to me what Brandt had told him—that when the border of the DDR is opened to the West (under the treaties as now constituted, it will be open only to a very limited extent), the irresistible force of freedom will break down the rigidity of the East German regime. The impact will be overwhelming, he went on to say, when the prosperous West Germans pour over the border in their Mercedeses and Volkswagens (under the treaty, West Germans will be allowed to bring their cars only when no other transportation is available)—this again, he said, was straight from Willy Brandt. But is history made by people with Mercedeses and Volkswagens—and illusions—or by those with strong wills, those possessed by a driving, even if perverted, idea? Much more disturbing was a remark made to me by a high Berlin official, that in a recent election in Berlin conducted according to age groups, those between the ages of 18 and 24 had voted nearly 50 per cent Communist.

It is legitimate to ask in the context of the present situation just how committed the leadership of the German Social Democratic Party is to the West. How anti-Communist, for one, is Herbert Wehner, one of the most influential men in the party, who not so long ago was one of the strong men of the DDR? One of the first acts of the Brandt government was to permit the Communist Party to function legally; it is supposedly not the same Communist Party as the one previously outlawed, but not many people can see the difference, nor has the Social Democratic Party been willing to disassociate itself from the strongly Marxist-oriented leadership of the Young Socialists within its ranks.

The victory of the Social Democrats in the recent elections doesn't make prospects any brighter. However attractive Willy Brandt may appear to be, we should be under no illusion that the victory of his party was a victory for the West. When, during the election campaign, the Christian Democratic leader Rainer Barzel asserted that Ostpolitik would open the door to the socialization of Germany, Herbert Wehner replied, "We Social Democrats have never denied that we are Socialists."

It is indeed possible that if present trends continue, the Federal Republic may be a part of the DDR in five years. But present trends may not continue. There are indications, for example, that real opposition is developing to the trends I have described in politics and intellectual life: The professors who do not wish to see the universities subverted have begun to organize and to fight back, there are indications that the Communist tide among the students has begun to recede, and it is quite possible that the CDU's defeat may bring new leadership to the fore, which it sorely needs. An encouraging sign is the success of a new monthly magazine founded last June by Willi Schlamm (once an editor of NATIONAL REVIEW).

And, of course, East Germany, the DDR, is not without its problems either, otherwise it wouldn't be necessary to line its border to the West with barbed wire, watch towers, machine guns and all the rest to restrain its population. For all that, however, the German situation is not something we can regard with equanimity. As an old German friend remarked to me, a distinguished historian and a wise and learned man, "If *we* go Communist, we may not be the most convinced Communists, but we will be the best Communists, just as we were the best Fascists." □

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CHURCH-STATE

A Breakthrough

EDWARD F. SPIERS

RECENT legal and political developments have, rather suddenly and surprisingly, improved the outlook both for nonpublic schools and for the principle of freedom of choice in education.

In July, a Minnesota court upheld a state law under which income-tax credits are extended to parents of children in nonpublic schools. This law, which was passed only last year, was hailed as the first of its kind, but similar tax-credit proposals have already won impressive bipartisan support at both state and federal levels. There have been 39 similar bills introduced in the House of Representatives, two in the Senate, and President Nixon himself has endorsed the concept.

All this may be surprising, coming as it does within a year of the Supreme Court's *Lemon* and *DiCenso* decisions, which ruled unconstitutional 1) Pennsylvania's purchase of the services of nonpublic school teachers, and 2) Rhode Island's salary supplements for such teachers. But Chief Justice Burger's lengthy decisions in these cases, while striking down the specific methods used, pointed out that there are permissible forms of aid, and even outlined some dos and don'ts.

> Our prior holdings do not call for total separation of church and state; total separation is not possible in an absolute sense. . . . Judicial caveats against entanglement must recognize that the line of separation, far from being a "wall," is a blurred, indistinct and variable barrier depending on all the circumstances of a particular relationship.

Burger made clear what the Court found unconstitutional in the Pennsylvania and Rhode Island plans:

1) Direct subsides of tax monies to the schools; 2) continued government surveillance to implement the plans such as would occasion "excessive entanglement" of government with religion in the operation of church-related schools.

> . . . we conclude that the cumulative impact of the entire relationship arising under the statutes in each state involves excessive entanglement between government and religion.

The phrase "separation of church and state," so often invoked by opponents of aid to nonpublic school families, is generally misunderstood. Contrary to the assumption of most Americans, this phrase is not in the Constitution. What the First Amendment says is this: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof . . ." Apparently with this misunderstanding in mind, the Chief Justice observed: "The language of the Religion Clauses of the First Amendment is at least opaque, particularly when compared with other portions of the Amendment."

As if to emphasize that the supposed "wall" is only a thin line ("a blurred, indistinct and variable barrier"), the Court ruled on the same day that it handed down *Lemon* and *DiCenso* that construction grants for nonpublic colleges and universities (many of which are church-sponsored) are unobjectionable. An absolute "wall of separation" cannot admit such a distinction; but, again, the Court's real criterion was the degree of entanglement, which it judged excessive in the one case, and not excessive in the other.

WITH these and similar rulings in mind, the Panel on Nonpublic Education (a four-man subgroup of the President's Commission on School Finance) has specifically recommended, in its report to the President, federal income-tax credits as the most viable method of financial aid to parents of children in nonpublic schools. The proposal recommended by the Panel would allow parents an income-tax credit of 50 per cent of tuition paid to a nonpublic school, with a maximum credit of $400 per child.

Tax credits for education (like those now accorded to corporations and retirees) would be permitted, not out of sheer generosity to the taxpayer, but for the common good. That attendance at nonpublic schools is a constitutional right, the Supreme Court affirmed in the 1925 *Pierce* case; and tax credits would permit the continued exercise of this right by low- and middle-income families. Moreover, it would be more economical for the state to encourage parents to use a $200-$300 tax credit for nonpublic schooling than to spend, say, $900 per pupil in public schools. In addition, as President Nixon has noted, nonpublic schools provide diversity and competition that enrich our educational system as a whole.

Given the widespread support for educational tax credits, the great question remains whether such legislation will pass its constitutional test in the Supreme Court. Here again, Chief Justice Burger has summarized the relevant criteria:

> First, the statute must have a secular purpose; second, its principal or primary effect must be one that neither advances nor inhibits religion . . . finally, the statute must not foster "an excessive government entanglement with religion."

Supporters of legislation to permit a tax credit for educational purposes are confident that each criterion is met. The legislation serves a secular purpose: Nonpublic schools, including church-related ones, educate children in those fundamental skills required of all citizens. Tax credits would be extended for that purpose. Moreover, they would create *no* entanglement of government with religion. As for their primary effect, it would be to help parents exercise their constitutional right to select schools for their children. Such a right, in itself, neither hurts nor helps religion, except to the extent that freedom itself does so. (In October, the Court ruled unconstitutional an Ohio plan to give direct tuition subsidies to nonpublic schools. It gave no reasons for its decision; but in light of previous rulings, the critical point seems to have been the degree of state entanglement involved.)

In the Minnesota decision, Judge T. Jerome Plunkett commented on another aspect of the issue, often overlooked:

(Continues on page 1421)

Monsignor Spiers is Executive Director of Citizens for Educational Freedom.

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THE LETTUCE TRADE

. . . A True Adventure

STEPHEN DONNER AS TOLD TO JOHN McKERNAN

FOUR MOONS AGO I was lifting a neat $2,000 a month off and under the table dealing dope: mostly mary jane and a lot of pills but no smack. I am not into death. I am into the dollar. And who would have thought that I, Stephen Donner, Harvard '70, Anthropology with Honors, would be dealing lettuce. My friends write me, call me, send me telegrams every week telling me where I can boxcar a thousand kilos of smooth river weed or where I can weave out five hundred buttons of mescaline. They are all amazed, and a little angry too, when I tell them I have left the nickel-dime scene for the world of high finance and big business. I deal lettuce out of a warehouse on the East Side a little up from Houston near the Fish Library. I work at night between ten and four in the morning.

Most of my business I have had to drum up for myself on the sly. I mean you just couldn't, today, put an ad in the paper and open up a fruit and vegetable stand. Not unless you wanted to have a picket for every hundred feet of floor space. Maybe something would happen to you like what happened to my friend O'Shaughnessy who owns a little produce stand over on Avenue A. He was selling lettuce right at the beginning of the boycott. Before anybody knew about it. Before the *New York Times* wrote it up on the front page. Before the evening news gave you the "Green Scene" sandwiched in between the mayonnaise commercial and the box scores for the Mets and Yankees. Well, O'Shaughnessy was selling lettuce right out in the open and one night when he was culling, watering and covering up his produce, he came to the apricots and found about 150 apricot pits each of them wrapped in a dried-up wrinkly skin floating in a couple of gallons of Apricot Nectar. There was one of those postcards with that black eagle on one side and on the other side in a beautiful handwritten script the message: "If you are going to go in the juice business, you should at least go and buy some glass containers. You might put them in the space where the lettuce used to be. Regards. The People." Nowadays O'Shaughnessy doesn't stock any more lettuce and those young black kids who would always have a word or two for the old Jews who bought the green for their stomachs have disappeared. They work over at the playground teaching the poor kids how to play checkers and shuffleboard. Shawn tells me he is now making a profit on apricots and that endive moves briskly in the evening.

BACK in the days when I was dealing the real stuff, in front of the record shop on Saint Marks Place, across from Auden's old apartment, I had to be careful. Careful to spot that German Shepherd, named Smokey, that could smell weed at a hundred yards. Careful to spot the narcs who came on heavier than Charlie Manson. Careful to spot another dealer who needed a lid or two to wax the ham and cut me off ripped from a cool fifty. Careful to spot who really had the scratch and who was a waste of time, a bummer from the Bronx, or maybe a black eye behind the Fillmore East. Lettuce is easier than all that. There is not the fear. The fear has vanished like a bad high. At the present time, I am reasonably sure that those stories about the grocers in Scarsdale being attacked and beaten with banana peels are just so much bunk, propaganda put out by the lettuce growers. I do know that one incident did actually happen because I saw it myself. It happened in the Horn & Hardart on Lexington across from the Post Office. An old man ordered a BLT Special and some dikey women's lib type came over and ripped the green out of the rye while giving him a lecture on lettuce. He was not harmed, except his dentures were stained when they fell into a large grape juice and the checkout lady charged him for the grape even though he didn't take it. Well, anyway, I hope all those other stories are false. Especially the one about the ball-peen hammer through the plate-glass window and the ambulance that couldn't get to Bellevue because of a flat tire.

I have so far successfully avoided, and hope to continue to do so, all that messiness—by the skilful use of the Donner method. I have had printed up a thousand small cards a little larger than the standard business card. No one can enter the warehouse, past my bodyguards and rent-a-cops, without one of these cards. On one side I have printed in a thin Gothic type: Stephen Donner/A.B./Consultant in Lettuce/17 Avenue D Apartment 3B/Office Hours —10 P.M. to 4 A.M./$1.50 to $2.25 a head. On the other side I have had printed, in an incredibly small script, one of those messages from a whacko health-food magazine, which certain merchants are so fond of. It reads as follows:

> In our twenty years of cancer research, we have never had as much success with man-made chemicals as we have had with plant extracts—especially lettuce. There is not a single chemical agent that will completely inhibit the growth of, or destroy, tumor tissue without causing undue disturbance to non-tumor tissue. But in plants we have more compounds to work with than scientists can ever hope to synthesize. It is safe to say that there has never been a cancerous head of lettuce. While at the same time the plant kingdom contains forms as diverse as oaks and fungi, and variety of form is paralleled by variety of biochemistry. We have scarcely begun to explore this potential —especially in lettuce.

Each afternoon I take a supply of these cards and visit all of the grocery stores in the area, plus all of the health-food stores. I loll around the produce looking at the rutabagas and putting some grapes on the scale until I hear one of the customers ask the manager where is the lettuce and after he has explained his courageous decision to remove the green and his fond hopes for an early end to "the problem," as he calls it, I pop over, card deftly in hand, and very daintily, very politely pop the card into one of their hands, whispering to them, "This is a secret.

(Continues on page 1421)

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Spain Today

From the Continent **ERIK V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN**

So great is the commotion elsewhere in the world that everyone seems to have forgotten Spain. Yet Spain's political evolution is interesting. The country is not a democracy; it has undeniable dictatorial aspects; it is ruled by government from above; but for these very reasons it may indicate the direction Western civilization will eventually take. The vast majority of Western Europeans believe that democracy is the only legitimate form of government, and is here to stay. The historian and the discriminating student of politics, however, know that everything has an end—except for the sausage, which has two.

It would be a mistake to judge Spain by the vocal Spaniards who talk of riot and repression—dissident professors, demonstrating students, exiles, journalists, underground labor leaders and such. Among the older generation memories of the Civil War are fading, and with them the stabilizing fear of its recurrence. Now a new brake acts against the revolutionary impulse: the improvement of living standards, which have risen steadily since the late Fifties.

El milagro economico, the economic miracle, materialized very late in Spain and is thus a novel experience for the inhabitants. The median per-capita income is now over a thousand dollars a year, which means that the country has ceased to be an underdeveloped nation. Due to a strictly controlled economy with (not admitted) socialist tendencies, Spain found herself on the brink of bankruptcy in 1958. At that moment *Opus Dei*, the "Catholic Freemasonry," proposed a plan for a free-market economy that Franco accepted grudgingly over the protests of his Falangist supporters.

Opus Dei (which now calls itself "an Association of the Faithful") continues to act in the interest of stability. Not always very popular, it is the object of debate by Right and Left in Spain and, as with the Jesuits and the Freemasons, whatever one says about it is partly right and partly wrong . . . more often wrong than right, I would say. For years the international press intimated that they were the main support of Franco's government, but then came the great surprise when profound differences between *Opus Dei* and the regime became apparent and a near break followed.

The lack of an "official appearance" —uniforms, habits, badges—arouses profound suspicion among many Spaniards. One suspects that so-and-so is a member, that this or that trade school in a workers' district is run by *Opus Dei*, that the board of directors of this or that bank has a majority of *OD* members. But one is never sure. It is widely believed that *OD* members always foster and promote one another, which, human nature being what it is, does not seem so unlikely.

Grave problems, as always, beset Spain, above all the centrifugal tendencies, such as Catalonian, Galician and, mainly, Basque separatism. In the rest of the world right-wing governments are and always were "federalist" in their tendencies, whereas left-wingers promote centralization. Up to a point the opposite is true in Spain. The Madrid government has always turned a deaf ear toward advocates of local rights; just now those advocates are feeling frisky.

Another problem is the students (quite as irrational as elsewhere), their professors, and certain "intellectuals and artists." But the bulk of the population—and this is the important fact—has made its peace with the Franco regime. Year in and year out the increase in the GNP amounts to 7 per cent; this means that by now the Spaniards are better off than at any time in their history. It is significant that workers who had gone abroad are now coming back in large numbers because wages (for the skilled!) have become quite attractive. The Minister of Economics, Lopez Rado, has stated that by 1980 the median income will hit the $2,000 mark (in the United States it is now $3,500).

The question foremost in the minds of all—and even voiced on the front page of a Spanish weekly—is: What will happen after Franco? The Portuguese had an answer when Salazar died. In the case of Spain the situation is somewhat more delicate because of the impending restoration of the monarchy, i.e., a substantial external change. Prince Juan Carlos, the successor to the throne, is gaining popularity, though he is still far from being wildly popular. His wife seems to enjoy more popular acclaim. (When her car got stuck in a student demonstration the students shouted: "You want to be our Queen —how ridiculous!" Whereupon she jumped out and retorted: "When I'm your Queen, I'll teach you manners!" The *caballeros* were stunned, then applauded her.)

The tangle of laws and institutions that is the Spanish constitution will, after a change of government, grant more influence to the people. More important perhaps is the question of civil liberties. In this area liberalization, especially in the realm of arts and letters, has made greater strides than in the democratic aspects of political life.

The increasing prosperity, however, is causing the Spaniards to restrain their age-old hatred of all government. A public-opinion poll conducted by a Jesuit sociological institute has revealed that opposition is slackening and that the solution of social problems is expected to come "from above." *Le Monde* (May 5, 1972), which nobody would accuse of pro-Franco leanings, admitted that, left or right, the people of Spain are now more wary of democracy (parliamentarism, big parties, ideological tensions) than of Francoism. Life is becoming easier; unemployment stays around the 2 per cent mark; traveling is easier. Those who still feel pinched economically are the recipients of pensions, minor white-collar employees, and other persons with fixed incomes. For the ambitious skilled worker and the small entrepreneur the times are good. Of course, Spain being what it is, we shall continue to hear about riots, strikes, trials, and demonstrations, but neither under nor after Franco is there much of a chance for radical change. The masses are simply not for it. □

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The Sudden Death of Feticide

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

ONE political issue about which we'll hear much less for three or four years—or ever again, conceivably—is abortion-on-demand. Such proposals for feticide appeared on the Michigan and North Dakota ballots on November 7. Both were defeated—in Michigan by 61 per cent to 39 per cent, in North Dakota by nearly four to one.

Rather, I should say that the *advocacy* of abortion-on-demand will shrink: Few politicians will dare to touch it now. But the repeal or modification of present "liberal" abortion statutes, in those states where such measures have been adopted during the past decade, will remain a burning question. New York's legislature repealed the abortion-on-demand law, in operation for only two years, during its last session, but Governor Rockefeller vetoed the bill.

We are supposed to believe that this popular rejection of feticide was a sudden reversal of public opinion. For the past two years, the *New York Times* and Dr. Gallup had been informing us that a majority of American citizens—nay, even a majority of Papists—had come round to looking with favor upon the legalizing of abortion. In this confidence, the pro-abortion zealots put the question on the ballot in Michigan and North Dakota.

Actually, it seems improbable that at any time the public really approved of "liberalized" abortion. The Gallup poll question put the matter ambiguously: People were asked if they thought that the termination of pregnancy ought to be a matter for decision by the mother and her doctor. Most people responded in the affirmative. Certainly a mother ought to be consulted about the termination of pregnancy; certainly she ought to consult her doctor. Some people who responded may have thought that Dr. Gallup was raising the possibility of a National Pregnancy Board—and disliked that notion.

But when, in the course of campaigning in Michigan and North Dakota, it became clear that "termination of pregnancy" means the killing of unborn babies—why, the polls altered with great rapidity. The several "right to life" groups showed slides of aborted little corpses, on television and at many public meetings.

"You can't stop Progress," we have been told for a good while. Actually, Progress can be arrested—if obviously it is induced progress toward death. The allegedly irresistible movement of Americans toward abortion-on-demand was stopped on election day.

It was halted by the convictions of professed Christians and Orthodox Jews, primarily. Pro-abortionists had counted, naïvely, on a bloc black vote for abortion; but the measure lost in Negro neighborhoods as in white, and some of the people most active against legalized abortion were black ministers and political leaders. This return to Christian orthodoxy about baby-killing was a slap at some Protestant ministers and to those Protestant-denomination bureaucracies, like the New York Council of Churches, which had endorsed abortion gladly: they could not command the sympathies of their laity or of most of their clergy. It was also a slap at the big unions in Michigan. The United Automobile Workers, the Teamsters, and some other unions had sent their members pamphlets recommending a yes vote on Proposal B, the pro-abortion proposition: They were rudely rebuffed by their rank and file. Even the Negro union members, who still pay more attention to UAW propaganda, ignored those instructions from Solidarity House.

One argument in favor of mass abortion, formerly employed by the pro-abortionists and persuasive formerly to some citizens, was the "population explosion" theory. But the more intelligent advocates of abortion-on-demand were sedulous to avoid mentioning this argument during the later stages of their campaign. For most people had become aware that the American birthrate, far from climbing, now diminishes rapidly; and not long before the November voting, the Bureau of the Census revealed that "zero population growth" in America already is clearly in sight. Also some of the more extreme enthusiasts for legalized abortion undid themselves by their zeal. Among these, in Michigan, was Dr. Duncan Littlefair, minister of the Fountain Street Church (formerly Fountain Street Baptist Church), of Grand Rapids. Dr. Littlefair, tall, handsome and white, is a Secular City type. Well, the Reverend Dr. Littlefair addressed a public meeting in Grand Rapids, debating with a physician who opposed abortion on both theological and medical grounds. And Dr. Littlefair turned practically everybody off—including some members of his own ultraliberal congregation.

"We must assume total control of life," Dr. Littlefair cried—meaning, that is, total control by persons of the Littlefair persuasion. For some centuries, he continued, we have labored under the assumption that life was sacred in a supernatural or divine way. That notion is false. "Human life cannot be allowed to go on by chance. . . . The time will come when society will say who may have babies and who may not."

Education, he informed his audience, must be a state monopoly—and much more thorough than schooling is today. The state should take children from their parents at an early age, to be put into nurseries where they can "experience qualitative living relationships." The state, or society, is moving healthily in the direction of total management of human concerns. Only *human* life can be called sacred—and the baby, let alone the fetus, is not human. A creature is not human until it has been socialized.

WE have the right to stifle birth, Dr. Littlefair said, because we are born animals, acquiring our humanity only in community. Our present human society is not good enough: We need a better society and better people. Did Dr. Littlefair believe at all in the sanctity of human life? "I believe in the sanctity of human life *in my terms*," said the Reverend Doctor. So did the Nazis, murmured some in the audience. The best testimony against abortion-on-demand is an abortionist's acts, or a pro-abortionist's contempt for tenderness. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Sunnyside II

Irish Vic goes down. He is abruptly, terribly spastic. The crowd sees high into his trunk legs. Prone, on his back, he leans across, dazed, to clutch the rope, a man flicking off his alarm clock. The crowd seems to conga dance in its tiers, shrieking. Gonzales does a cartwheel near his neutral corner. Irish Vic is up at eight, but it's all over. The referee windshield wipers hands in front of his eyes. Irish Vic shakes his head; he cups leather palms upward, incredulous. Tomorrow is Wednesday: back to work, nine to five and explain to the guys, Yeah—a Spic beat me. It was a butt. A lousy butt. I look at Mrs. Vic. She's standing, hands on her eight-month pregnancy, as on a bar rail. Her eyes are open. She accepts.

"He's hurt," Orvin says. "I know it. He don't know it. He's not all there."

Cornermen lead Irish Vic across the ring. He talks: he seems rational, persuasive, but halfway across the knees give. He goes down between them. The crowd sighs, "Oooooohh." Excited, yes; thrilled by this sign of damage. But not cruel, hardly ever cruel, as those who root for the fraudulent wrestlers are cruel. I look at Mrs. Vic again. She hasn't moved. Then her knees give slightly: not faintness—a quick imitation of her husband's pain. To understand it. And the child? Will it scream when a bell rings, punished now by the sharp juices of its mother's anxiety?

"I'll buy you a drink." Orvin nods. We go to the bar.

Orvin is the world's tallest middleweight, I think. Six foot two, 158 pounds. He wears knee socks in the ring: bone thin calves embarrass him. The left jab has kept him in business. He flicks it out sideways, as one might skim a frisbee. Orvin still hasn't figured out what his right hand is for. He might as well not put a glove on it. He's smart enough: he reads, he's had a year at City College. Yet he works now jockeying cars for Kinney in a midtown lot. He's not married: a blessing. But there's mother and five brothers and four sisters, or four brothers and five sisters, I can't remember. All younger. His father boxed. Also a middleweight, also Orvin—also not very good. Orvin Senior left for Portland, Oregon in

1962 to fight an eight-round preliminary. He hasn't been heard from since. Orvin turned pro in 1962. His own father image, I guess.

"I hear you've got a new manager."

"Yeah, man. That other guy . . ." Orvin curses good-naturedly.

"He's so cheap. That cat, he reverse the charges even if he's makin' an ob-seen phone call. Only man I know wash and iron his Kleenexes." I laugh. Orvin orders a Scotch and soda.

"I hate to bring up bad times. Remember when you lost your belt?" Orvin grins.

"Man. Right here in front of my main girl friend."

The fighter's belt is a groin fortress: leather and metal and padding, invented by a little man self-called Foul Proof Taylor. Orvin's manager was overthrifty: he didn't provide the best equipment. In the second round Orvin's protector began to slip down, dropping out of one trunk leg, a crazy hernia. Orvin fought left-handed for a while, holding himself up with the other hand. The crowd hooted; I hooted. His cornermen tried to repair it, but the thing had come apart at its seams. Orvin was disqualified: an absurdist TKO.

"TKO, yeah. Trunks Knocked Off." Orvin guffaws. "Thas not the worst time. Down in Miami Beach, seven-eight years ago, thas the worst time. I'm standin' there, starin' this cat down, dig. The refree's instructin' us. I'm givin' him the eye with my evil face. White cat, Italian. I got him nervous. His eyes gone all blinky. Then, whack, the refree clap us on the back. Man, I turn round and zonk!—I run head on into the microphone hangin' there. Oh, Jesus B Christ, that hurt more'n nothin' I ever been hit in the ring. The loudest concushon ever heard. My bell rang on the PA system—Zonkkkk! I's up at eight but it's all over. That Italian cat's grown a Siamese twin. He's got four gloves. I was com-pelled to retire."

"You haven't been KO'd often."

"Hell, been off my feet only three times." Orvin finishes his Scotch; I order another round. "That's in eight-two fights. I take care myself. Don't matter what them hophead kids do. All bouncy and stupid. Can't hurt me. Also —I can't hurt them. I'm a nonviolent boxer. Don't mean it that way, just happens. And they managers. They know it. I ain't gone hurt nobody. They love me. Man, I got a long career ahead of me."

Boos. A Spalding bounces in the ring. Two sluggish heavyweights there now: a slo-mo after the quick welterweights we've just seen. The fighters ham it up, swinging madly. Big lunks, they're afraid of the bleacher gang. Then wolf whistles. The crowd rises: arriba. A young blonde struts back from the Ladies, slim, built, on three-inch heels she bought in 1959, when women's calves were worth looking at. Always gorgeous, overdressed broads at Sunnyside. Men who've lost their punch escort stunning women to compensate. Bump, grind: she knows the whistles are for her. And, I swear it, the fighters throw a glance out of their tenth consecutive clinch.

"It don't hurt. First time maybe. Like

Aram Bakshian *writes speeches for President Nixon. . . .* **Gary Jay Williams** *is at Yale, working toward a doctorate in the Department of Theatre History.*

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gettin' in the lake—cold 'til y'body get used to it. Hell, it's not so bad's it look. Somebody get killed, them fat slob politicians throw a fit. Crazy. We're in shape. I train, man. Every year I train, put two years on my life. A boxer's the healthiest cat in the world. Hey, you gone write my autobiography?"

"Orvin, you're smart. You could get a good job. Why keep at it?"

"You write. I fight. It's free enterprise. Capitalism." He smiles. He knows I write for NATIONAL REVIEW. He likes to kid. "Supply and de-mand. A bad fighter, that's bettern pushin' cars or collectin' garbage. You never heard tell of a bad garbage man. Just garbage men. I fight. You write. We can be bad, man. Thas good."

I nod. Yes. I understand that . . . and still I hate to see Orvin fight. □

MOVIES

ARAM BAKSHIAN

Independence Romp

The day after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, John Adams wrote a letter to his wife, Abigail. "Yesterday," he said, "the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America, and a greater perhaps never was nor will be decided among men." Politically speaking, he may have been right. At any rate, one can forgive a slight overstatement given the enthusiasm of the moment—and one can relive some of the enthusiasm itself by viewing the film version of the stage musical *1776*.

Little has changed from the original stage production except the addition of some very attractive outdoor footage. The film version of *1776* is enjoyable, upbeat entertainment with a few moments of genuine inspiration. Purists will be quick to note that most of the historical characters are horribly oversimplified and events and anecdotes that occurred long before and after the summer months of 1776 have been altered and crammed into the story. All very true, but the distillation that has resulted is more sound than unsound. After heavy going for the first twenty minutes, the clash of great men and the shaping historic events build their own natural momentum and the drama takes care of itself.

If the spirit is strong, the music is weak. Not one of the songs or themes is very striking. I doubt if any could survive independent of the plot. With a few brief exceptions, the stuff is very trim, very neat Muzak of professional quality. It doesn't offend and it doesn't detract from the story, but it adds very little indeed. Like so much of the music ground out for modern Broadway it is basically nothing more than incidental hohumdrum, with a love theme or two, one pacifist number, and several comic items. Of the latter, the "Lees of Old Virginia," sung by Ron Holgate (who plays Richard Henry Lee as if he were a slightly better bred version of Gomer Pyle) is perhaps the most memorable.

The acting itself is often superb. William Daniels, for example, has probably done more to rehabilitate John Adams and to give him his proper share of popular credit as one of the Founding Fathers than all the biographers and historians of the past century. He plays the admirable but prickly little Massachusetts lawyer with just the right blend of intelligence and intense energy. Howard Da Silva is visually perfect as Ben Franklin, but both he and the writers have made the benevolent rapscallion just a little too cute, a little too much the typical humorous oldster of the typical drawingroom comedy.

The moderate faction of colonists who sought a reconciliation short of all-out war with England finds a strong champion in Donald Madden's characterization of John Dickinson, the brilliant Pennsylvania delegate. He sneers and plays up the wry patrician element in Dickinson's character a bit too much, but ends the part nobly, in one of the more moving moments of the film.

Thomas Jefferson, played by Ken Howard, a strapping young actor who appeared in the original stage version, is slightly disappointing. Where the master of Monticello was a physically ungainly, complex genius, Howard is blandly good-looking and more than a little smug. He is not a bad actor, but he is not a very good Jefferson either.

Generally, however, the casting is excellent, in small and large roles. Columbia Pictures and Producer Jack Warner are to be commended for relying on able character actors and resisting the temptation to deploy bevies of inappropriate superstars. A perfect case is Ralton Hill's portrayal of Charles Thompson, Secretary to the Continental Congress. Anyone who has spent much time in any deliberative body will immediately recognize that Mr. Hill has captured the essence of that separate breed of "Clerks of the House," whose over-precise delivery, whether calling the roll or reading a resolution, is at once maddening and quite proper. Mr. Hill also bears an uncanny resemblance to President Nixon from some camera angles which adds an eerie touch to the proceedings.

One could go on and on. Take away all the periwigs, most of the principles, and none of the pettifogging, and there are moments when you could swear you were watching the late 92nd Congress in action—so well has *1776* caught the flavor of a legislative body wrestling with divergent interests and philosophies. Through it all there is a muted but real heroic strain which expands, slowly but surely. Finally, when the business is done, and the Liberty Bell begins to toll, all but the most desiccated spirits in the audience must feel a little exhilarated. □

FOR NOW

C. H. SIMONDS

Confessions of a Hemp-Hater

Quite a party in these pages two weeks ago—I mean the pot party attended by Messrs. Cowan, Buckley, Burnham and Hart, at which they respectively evangelized, reasoned, drew some distinctions, and yawned; with nary a one of them standing athwart the tide of history shouting "Stop!" Athwart-standing is out of my line, but I itch to comment and to share a few personal observations. For I, who am no relation to that other C. H. Simonds, have smoked the wicked hemp and lived to tell the tale (mostly to unlucky wedding guests).

What many people—everyone, indeed, save Mr. Cowan's magical 25 million—fail to realize is that weed is,

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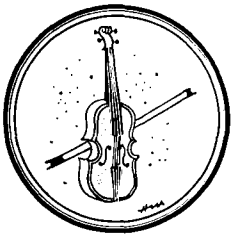
among other things, a terrific pain in the ass. First of all, it makes you cough. *Really* cough. Mr. Cowan will dismiss this as mere ignorant propaganda, but it makes anybody, even the most Hardened User, cough. Surely the scar tissue builds up until eventually the trachea is wholly blocked, causing serious discomfort. Harmless, my foot!

Then there's the smell. Nastiest smell this side of the chambers of hell. "Acrid," the word most often used to describe it, does scant justice. The eyes burn, the tender nostril-membranes itch; one would hock one's diamond-studded roach clip for a whiff of untainted air. Did you know that air has a smell? Spend three or four hours in a lenient concert hall; then emerge, and discover it.



I'll not mention the coating of invisible swamp-mud that collects on the smoker's tongue and uvula, or the pain when the burning coal drops from the end of the hand-rolled joint into his lap (factory-mades would eliminate that nuisance), or his galloping heartbeat brought on by paranoia. It's all the price of fun, just as hangovers, heartburn and ring-marks on the furniture are the price of some other folks' fun (not mine; so cruelly do all stimulants betray me that I'm down to weak tea). Because weed *is* fun, rather, and to hell indeed with "tribal value." It makes you loopy and laughy under some circumstances; concentrates your perceptive faculties under others; enervates you today and energizes you tomorrow. And that's about all it does. There are a great many things it doesn't do.

It doesn't, thank you, lead to "hard drugs," unless there is a predisposition thereto, personal or in the social milieu. Your up-to-date suicide-prone hard-drugger has read the papers; he knows enough to go straight to the needle and not bother with kid stuff. Nor does weed put the user in touch with hard drugs. Mr. Cowan is mistaken; hard and soft drugs *don't* "tend to circulate through the same channels." Hard drugs are pushed by professional criminals; weed is sold by amateur quasi-criminals, usually to raise money to pay for their own weed. According to a recent *New York Times* survey, on most campuses one's marijuana comes from a friend who scored a pound somewhere (not from the Mafia—profit margin's too small); the heroin seller is despised and, often, turned in by students.

It doesn't turn clean-cut American kids into blank-eyed, debased *fellahin*. Perhaps it's "non-Western in origin," but then so are sukiyaki and mah-jongg. It doesn't *do anything* to people, doesn't change them like some insidious Fu Manchu potion; it simply tickles up what's already there. I know any number of clean-cut types who smoke now and then, and they're all still playing baseball, tinkering with car engines, studying seventeenth-century literature and doing other clean-cut things. (People are of course altered somewhat, as has been thoroughly pointed out, by obsessive *over*indulgence in anything, from candy to onanism.)

It doesn't have much to do, any longer, with "the counterculture," which, as Professor Hart points out, is on its uppers anyway. Back a few years, numbers of people tried weed, liked it well enough, and so went on to sample various of the other enthusiasms that made up "the counterculture." Extremes—revolution, super-hallucinogens, all-kelp cuisine—palled, good sense struggled back to the surface (all in all, I suspect, not more than a few thousand people dropped thoroughly and forever out), and today we can all enjoy such vestiges or echoes of the full-blown "counterculture" as colorful raiment from Robert Hall, organic canapes from the Grand Union, and weed.

So for all that beer is making a comeback on campus, I suspect we shall always have weed with us. Not to the extent we had it in the recent past, because many people are weary of sore throats and burned laps; but with us nonetheless. Absolutely, worthy colleagues, let us decriminalize it; let's not legalize it, simply because legal weed would be just another thing to slap taxes on and hire bureaucrats to regulate, and *then* we'd be making a criminal out of every citizen who, appalled at the high price of Acapulco Golds, elects to grow his own behind the outhouse.

Above all, let the stewing end. □

THEATER

GARY JAY WILLIAMS

Much Ado Indeed

A gingerbread gazebo, spring-green and two stories high, with tuba-plated flights of ragtime steps right up to its old red, white and blue, rises upstage center to the heights of 1902 decorum. Here we find Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*, in the good old summertime in the Winter Garden. In all this there is also a rewarding directorial reading of the play. In it Shakespeare has a warm, older man mold the love matches, though he cannot mold his own, and when he steps downstage to say to all of us, "We are the only love gods," we know it is here that director A. J. Antoon has taken Shakespeare at his word.

His affectionate production of Shakespeare's wise romance about idyllic romance is, a bit ironically, too affectionate perhaps. But he and his cast not only give us most all of Shakespeare's text (largely prose and not difficult), but give to it that rare spontaneous life that tells you why the poet was a playwright. If you expect your Shakespeare bound in nineteenth-century velvet and leather pomp, you are due more than a pleasant surprise; you are due better Shakespeare. This merry, fond production is a rare blend of imagination, integrity and unabashed theater—Shakespearean to be sure.

Framing the tall gazebo, designer Ming Cho Lee has large panels carrying period newsprint. Cupids peer out of advertised corsets and Teddy Roosevelt's image looks proudly down as the boys come marching home at the opening of the play, amid brass bands and parasols. Antoon's choice of a straw-hat era when men were men and women were women gives us a rich background motif for proud Beatrice and Benedick. She sails her wit easily from a tree swing, he delivers his essay on bachelorhood and tranquil self-satisfaction, paddling in his own smug green canoe (via a turntable), and the two inevitable lovers dance of an evening by the light of sparklers. Sam Waterston's Benedick is the full and easy measure of a

(Continues on page 1418)

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BOOKS

No Easy Answers

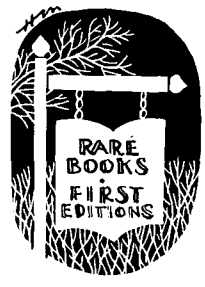
SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET

Political Violence and Civil Disobedience
By Ernest van den Haag
Harper, 123 pp., $7.50; paper, $1.75

It is difficult to know how to discuss a very good book by an intelligent author. One is tempted simply to summarize the immensely sophisticated argument, in this case one which the *Encyclopedia Brittanica*, testifying to its illiberality and even more stupidity, refused to print after commissioning. Yet the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW have been frequently treated to Ernest van den Haag's urbanity and wisdom and Sidney Hook has previously discussed the argument in positive terms. I will, therefore, simply urge the readers to get hold of this short and eminently readable book, and use my space to raise some questions.

How can one determine the (hopefully rare) conditions under which people have a moral right or duty to disobey a valid law or lawful authority? Van den Haag tries to answer this by saying, when government has enacted "morally monstrous laws" which cannot be changed by normal political methods. Thus, though the relocation of Japanese-Americans during World War II was monstrous, the action could be changed and the consequences were not irremediable (they were not killed). But how does one know the consequences? Could East European Jews, who had seen invading German troops free them from czarist antisemitic policies, believe Nazi antisemitism would kill most of them? Could German generals, meeting frequently from 1943 on to plan overthrowing Hitler, but resolving their doubts in favor of adhering to their oath to the state, have recognized that the regime they served was so morally monstrous that adherence to natural law should have relieved them from that oath? How do Uganda Asians or others react to General Amin's decree, to the racist actions of a man who praises the German genocide of the Jews? Must we wait for the killing to start? Is it better to err on the side of caution and act whenever we think irremediable monstrous actions have some realistic, though still minimal, chance of occurring?

VAN DEN HAAG correctly contends that outrages justifying coercive civil disobedience in a democracy are rare; if there is a prospect of changing immoral law democratically or legally, one must always use it. But what about the situation Calhoun discussed, when a minority interest is in a permanently hopeless position, when it can never cease being a statistical minority? Calhoun proposed that to preserve the American state, the majority should agree to the principle of the "concurrent majority," that it will never enact legislation affecting the minority interest without securing the assent of a majority of the minority. Majorities will not normally agree to this (the only case I know of was imposed on the Greek Cypriots by outside forces). How then are permanent minorities such as Israeli Arabs, Ulster Catholics, French Canadians, Bretons, American blacks, etc., to react in situations where they see no opportunity to secure enough backing from the majority population to redress their felt moral grievances? In the past, one effective technique has been to raise the price the majority must pay to have its way, through civil or violent disobedience.



In discussing the black unrest of the 1960s, van den Haag correctly sees much of it as an illustration of Tocqueville's principle that unrest is most likely to occur precisely when "a bad government . . . seeks to mend its ways." But in analyzing student unrest, he is on different and less predictable ground. Thus, one of his explanations for campus discontent is that 42 per cent of the college-age cohort attend college, but only 25 per cent have the IQ (over 110) to benefit from such education. But in fact campus unrest was heavily an affair of the schools with the highest entrance requirements of the public (Berkeley, Ann Arbor, etc.) or the private (Columbia, Harvard, Reed, Antioch, etc.) sectors.

IN discussing strategies used to handle campus unrest, van den Haag argues, consistent with his larger analysis, that campus authorities and faculty encouraged the escalation of student civil disobedience by not being firm, by not cracking down on law violation. Yet he also recognizes that one of the main deliberate purposes of nonviolent civil disobedience (sit-ins, etc.) is to get authority to initiate violence, i.e., to call the cops. Repeatedly in campus confrontations from Berkeley to Harvard, the demonstrators have consciously recognized that victory *for them* required the calling of the police and mass arrests. Invariably such actions threw the sympathies of the majority of non-involved students and faculty over to the radical activist minority.

In the one major case in the United States in which a university administration (Chicago) resisted enormous pressure to call in the police to evict a sit-in, the demonstrators finally left after two weeks with little campus support. Ed Levy, Chicago's President, retained the backing of faculty and students.

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Here is how you can get, at a special bargain price, your own personal copy of William F. Buckley's latest book "Inveighing We Will Go."

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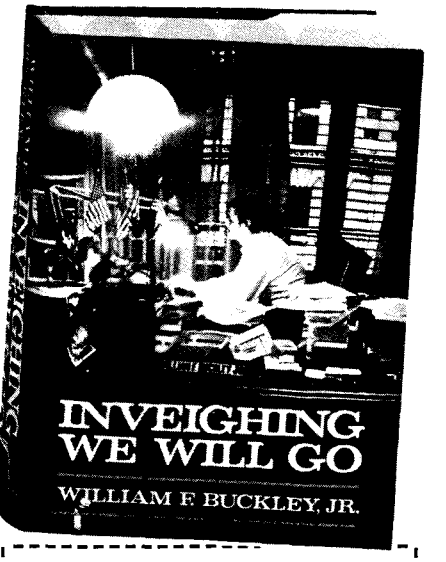

by Lucille M. Guardala

You simply won't be able to find a more absorbing or fascinating book this season than "Inveighing We Will Go." It is really the perfect book for Buckley fans young and old alike, because there is something of interest for everyone! The book is a veritable "best of Buckley"—it is amazing how one person can write with such knowledge and authority on so many subjects. "Inveighing We Will Go" has to be the best example of the famous Buckley style to date.

Imagine, if you can, a book that deals with the lurking horrors of Communist societies, that peels away the veneer of the media's simplicities to expose the real factors at work behind politician's pronouncements, and yet finds the time to muse on the Anniversary of Beethoven's birth. And all under one cover!

A New Approach

But there are other surprises in store for Buckley fans in this book. Bill Buckley himself in the book's introduction says: "In other collections I think there was a little more anfractuosity than in this one, in which here and there I blurt forth more plain-spokenly on some of the concrete problems of the day . . . things like pollution, conscription, ecology, social welfare and even Women's Lib." And that's only the beginning! You'll find plenty of stimulating writing, straightforward and baroque (in the very best Buckley style) on: Ireland, India, the whole Red China affair, Israel, Railroad Reform, Busing, Price Controls, Inflation, Communism in Chile, Revenue-Sharing, Labor Unions, the Pentagon Papers, the New York *Times*, Helen Gurley Brown's *Cosmopolitan*, the end of the War, and much more.

The subjects covered are many and varied, true, but it's what Bill Buckley has to say about each subject that is so different. In these days of T.V. news coverage, we get so used to the surface reality of news events, that we often tend to lose the real meaning of the event and its implications on our lives. Buckley reminds us, lest we get carried away by Presidential toasts in Peking, that for all the droves of docile and industrious Chinese, Mao had executed hundreds of thousands . . . for all the surface ambience and prosperity of today's Yugoslavia, Tito initially eliminated all his opposition.

What He Says

The book begins with the full text of Bill Buckley's famous *Playboy* interview. The interview is vintage Buckley (he gets the better of *Playboy* on numerous occasions), witty—really a classic, but it is also a fine summation of his views on a host of subjects. And don't miss the sections on Politics, the Education of the Kids, the Church or the Personals about Edgar Smith, Clare Boothe Luce, Tom Wolfe, or his brother, Sen. James Buckley.

Naturally, one of the unusual features of any Buckley book is the great wealth of pithy, quotable quotes to use in your own discussions. Well, "Inveighing We Will Go" is no disappointment in this area. Here are some examples:

"Sometimes I feel that John Lindsay is much more useful as a failure, than ever he would have been as a success. In that not insignificant sense, we are indebted to him."

"The fact is, the kind of confidence in America and American institutions that made Woodrow Wilson the idol of an epoch in twentieth-century, liberal American history is, well, dissipated."

"China seems to have killed or otherwise disposed of the incremental objector, so as to have achieved the society of the perfectly misled."

"Here is what the Chinese gave up: 1. They consented to traffic with representatives of the Government of the United States . . . 2. They performed routine rhetorical exercises on the themes of world peace and national sovereignty . . . Here is what the United States gave up . . . 1. We issued a communique in which the Red Chinese reasserted their absolute right to conquer Taiwan . . . 2. We have lost—irretrievably—any remaining sense of moral mission in the world."

"There I was . . . at the South Pole, and two gentlemen . . . suggested that if I stood on my head, they would snap a photograph . . . which . . . would represent me, atlas-like, bearing the weight of the world on my shoulders. That being what I habitually do anyway, I readily consented . . ."

You will never forgive yourself if you miss this opportunity to get your own copy of this book. Order it today!

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By a special arrangement with the publisher, we were able to order copies of "Inveighing We Will Go" in bulk quantity—enabling us to save quite a bit over the retail price of the book ($7.95). We are more than happy to pass our savings on to NR readers who want a copy of this extraordinary book.

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Many more students were then expelled for taking part in the sit-in than were expelled at Berkeley, Columbia and Harvard put together following the "busts" and massive arrests there. Presidents were frequently deposed at universities that experienced mass arrests; Ed Levy still presides over the destinies of the University of Chicago. In other words, not doing what the law violators wanted, to be arrested, helped to preserve the legitimacy of campus authority and internal agencies of discipline.

DR. Ernest van den Haag brilliantly demonstrates there are no simple, clear-cut or morally right answers to the questions of when civil disobedience is justified, or how authority in a democracy should react to it. For just as there are times when the monstrous behavior of government calls for civil disobedience, there are times when intelligent political leaders concerned with the health of the polity will refuse to allow themselves to be provoked to use the force they are legitimately authorized to employ. Life and politics are rarely simple. □

FICTION

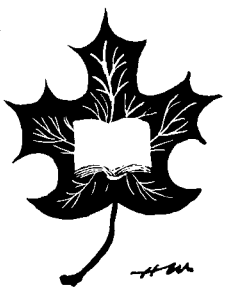
Sadness
By Donald Barthelme
Farrar, 183 pp., $5.95
Museums & Women and Other Stories
By John Updike
Knopf, 282 pp., $6.95
The Temptation of Jack Orkney & Other Stories
By Doris Lessing
Knopf, 308 pp., $6.95

TEMPTATIONS

GUY DAVENPORT

When Flaubert read the manuscript of his *Temptation of Saint Anthony* to his friends, they listened in appalled silence, and advised him to chuck it into the fire. Their ears were outraged. They had heard the first *disinterested* work of art in the modern world. The subject was almost as old as Christianity itself. Flaubert's treatment of it was post-Christian, even extra-Christian, perhaps. And yet it was neither cynical nor anti-Christian. Without ideological bias, without sympathy for the saint, without obsessions, without disdain, it was miraculously objective. It was disinterested, and it was magnificent.

An artist had found a place to stand that was not with the mouse in the rafters, like Turgenev, or in a pulpit set up in a chemistry lab, like Zola, or piggyback the recording angel, like Dickens, or confidentially at God's elbow, like Tolstoy. Flaubert's all but impossible disinterested interest has been a mark for the writers of the twentieth century to shoot for. Joyce incorporated it with other strategies, the Russian Akmeists made a version of it, Beckett imitates it in a comic mode. Donald Barthelme is the first American writer to tailor it to his ends.



So it is no surprise that in his fifth book he has included a "Temptation of St. Anthony," one so banal and bland that Flaubert himself would probably have congratulated him on it. Barthelme has confused the critics with his poker-faced boredom with his subjects, with his fertility of form (no two pieces of writing ever quite identifiable as being from the same typewriter), and with his bold disjunction of subject and style. Is it all meant to be funny? Is it serious? (The accusation of pretentiousness has zinged about, showing how successfully the cult of sincerity has rolled its converts in the aisles.)

Barthelme is essentially a comic writer, meaning that he is first of all interested in discrepancies. The classical writer of comedy specializes in observing the distance between what is and what ought to be; he is therefore the moralist of the tribe. He has a Romantic brother whose ideal of what ought to be is visionary rather than conservative. The one places man's folly in a failure of reason; the other in a deficiency of feeling or of will. Aristophanes is an example of the former, Dickens of the latter.

Around 1910, Phenomenology in the air, Psychoanalysis in the air, the classic and romantic views gave way to the incomprehensibility of things. Kafka (whom Barthelme resembles) substituted the articulation of the world which we have to accept in dreams for an articulation which he convinces us we have all along supposed rather than perceived. The Dadaists (whom Barthelme resembles) followed, the Russians (who had discovered *Tristram Shandy*) followed, Jardiel-Poncela (whom we recommend to Mr. Barthelme) followed. Then the Surrealists wrecked the movement, being either Freudians (and therefore deadly logical) or Marxists (and therefore dogmatic). They explained away the absurdity of the newly discovered Absurd, and we had to wait until the world rediscovered the discontinuity of things.

So Barthelme is both new and old. It is the fate of the Republic that we lose everything as soon as we get it, and have to start over. Barthelme is a far better starting over with the matter of the Absurd than the copy-cat Albee and his heirs and assigns, who merely water down Beckett and Ionesco. Barthelme's talent is real, authentic, and thoroughly new.

JOHN UPDIKE'S COLLECTION of stories has the air of a retrospective show, bits and pieces of what he has already done in miniature (with some inept imitations of Mr. Barthelme as *panache*). It is also a kind of progress report (what has John Updike done recently?). Updike needs the novel for weight and effect. These fragments sound as if they are pages that failed to grow into novels. Superb realist that he is, Updike can get practically anything, any mood, any anecdote, onto paper. The goodness of these stories is that they are different from his novels in being introspective and even conversational. They are closer to essays than stories; who knows but what Updike may not mellow into an urban moralist with a hint of Montaigne about him?

The thought arrives uninvited from these stories that perhaps Updike needs new material, that his elected subjects (contemporary American middle-class life, manners and morals) may be inherently restrictive. Dullness incarnate, nervously self-destructive, dead to both its past and present, the American middle class is soon written up. Balzac died without exhausting his or our interest in the French middle class. Updike at forty may have had his say out. These stories have about them a distinct air of the bottom of the barrel.

DORIS LESSING, voluble novelist (the five-volumed *Children of Violence*, *The Golden Notebook*, and a whole shelf of books besides), takes up in this twentieth book the theme that has begun to occupy more and more of John Updike's thought—the peculiarly abysmal vacuum that separates fathers and sons

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in our time. Jack Orkney of the title story has a son who smokes marijuana and drifts with an oil-rag-and-rummage-sale-clad set that occupies itself with dimly grasped religions more or less Hindu, Maoist politics, and the art of cadging. To the liberal, conscientious, decent Orkney they seem to be so many morons, and when he finds them cooking in his attic, an open tin of kerosene a few inches from the open flame of their spirit stove, he is convinced that they are as lethal as they are crazy. Yet his temptation is to collaborate with them, at least to the extent of claiming some communication with his son, who speaks Hippy and has the morals of a pirate.

In another story a Martian flying saucer puts down in a reverence-for-life commune and is not noticed.

Miss Lessing writes with all the craft of her calling, sharp-eyed and sharp-tongued. All of the dozen stories gathered here are highly readable, at once solid and pungent. There is a generous and convincingly accurate knowledge of many kinds of people here; Miss Lessing is one of those English novelists who knows her people as folk of an empire rather than as villagers or shire inhabitants. (She was born in Persia, raised in Southern Rhodesia, and now lives in England.) Moreover, she is an immensely intelligent writer. She moves into her stories with a determination to be sensible about their particular problems, and sensible she is. But she also has that live touch that moves us to pity, terror, and sympathy. She is a fine writer. □

Seymour Martin Lipset, *Professor of Sociology and Government at Harvard, is presently at the Center for Advanced Studies in the Behavioral Sciences. . . .* **Guy Davenport**, *literary critic and poet, reviews regularly for* NR *and the* New York Times. . . . **Thomas H. Jukes** *of the Space Sciences Laboratory, Berkeley, is a professor of medical physics. . . .* **Douglas W. Cooper** *is finishing his PhD in Applied Physics at Harvard. . . . Boston-based* **Pat Kennedy**, *a veteran of many wars (Korean, campus, marital and maternal), is liberated.*

The Doomsday Syndrome
By John Maddox
McGraw-Hill, 293 pp., $6.95

UPDATED APOCALYPSE

THOMAS H. JUKES

Doomsdays, doomsdays, dear old busted-boom days
The country's polluted, and mankind is sick
Taught with the aid of a swiftly thrown brick.
You were the chick I shacked with, so I was your bearded barefoot beau,
And we both agreed that "the System must go,"
When we were two grass-blowing kids.

So runs an eco-activist revision of the old song "Schooldays." John Maddox throws the brick back, with telling effect, at some of the environmental priests of the Doomsday breed. Paul Ehrlich, Barry Commoner and St. Rachel Carson are among his targets. It was about time. Anyone who dared to voice doubts about the authenticity of the worldwide pollution concept had been called an apologist for industrial polluters, or given the nonperson treatment. But John Maddox is not a spokesman for industry; and the editor of *Nature* cannot be written off as nonexistent.

John Maddox sails in, and sails on. Some years ago, he quit teaching theoretical physics to go into scientific publishing. A human dynamo, he changed *Nature* from its sedate British character to become an "International Journal of Science," now published three times weekly. No scientist can afford not to read *Nature*, and no one interested in appraising the environment can skip *The Doomsday Syndrome*. Maddox correctly points to *Silent Spring* as the fountainhead of a flood of imitations; it is the holy writ of the prophets of destruction, each of whom is eager to outshout his fellow doomsayers.

For *Silent Spring* was far more than an eloquent and lurid protest against a despoiled environment. It was a milestone in the melancholy history of anti-intellectualism. The book was a calculated misstatement that deliberately omitted the greatest health story of the century: the widespread conquest of malaria, "the monarch of diseases," by DDT. Rachel Carson's book, blessed by William O. Douglas, the President's Science Advisory Committee and Jacqueline Kennedy, set the stage for a parade of Iokanaans, each seeking to outsoothsay the sepulchral prophecies of his rivals. The ocean is doomed by pesticides, says Ehrlich. When it turns out that the pollution of seawater by pesticides is mostly confined to Los Angeles harbor, the alarmists retort that it is necessary to exaggerate to arouse the attention of the public.

PRACTICALLY all claims for harmfulness of technology ignore the record of the past—smoky air of soft-coal-burning cities, typhoid germs in the drinking water, tuberculosis bacilli in the milk, weevils in the biscuit and scurvy in the babies. The new doom-talk refers to warm water as "thermal pollution." Warmth is why there is a richer marine life in the tropics, of course. Many of the "dangerous pollutants" are detectable, not by their deleterious effects, but by the new techniques for detecting minute traces of contaminants.

A melancholy mood of pessimism has settled on the intellectual elite, for whom the end of the world is at hand, occasioned by the population explosion, pollution and the depletion of natural resources. Maddox authoritatively discounts all these gloomy prophecies. He correctly points out that technology has a record of meeting the challenges that are occasioned by its own expansion, such as the use of new replacements for scarce materials. He points out that "the prophets of disaster would be well advised to look for an understanding of the reasons why fertility seems inevitably to decline in the course of demographic change"; the important issue is how a community decides to apportion resources between population growth and other benefits that it might enjoy. He discusses the "carbon dioxide question"—pointing out that "the prophecy of calamity requires that all the uncertainties in the calculation should conspire to the most gloomy end." The doomsayers allege that the increase in atmospheric carbon dioxide, caused by burning fossil fuels, will trap the sun's rays and melt the polar ice caps. Maddox notes that "if there were a tendency toward increased temperature, plant growth would become sufficiently more luxuriant to help buffer the cli-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Four massive volumes on *The History of U.S. Political Parties* are edited by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and feature contributions by soulmates like Michael Harrington and Marshall Frady (Chelsea House, $135). . . . *The Lost Ones* is a new Beckett novella (Grove, $4.95; Evergreen paperback, $1.65). . . . Steve Allen out with a novel of an Irish family in Chicago during the Depression. Called *The Wake*, it's said to be autobiographical (Doubleday, $5.95).

■ FEBRUARY BOOKS: *NR* contributor Hugh Kenner pens *Bucky: A Guided Tour of Buckminster Fuller* for Morrow ($7.95). The same house is touting Lately Thomas' *When Even Angels Wept* as an unbiased portrait of Joe McCarthy ($12.50). . . . SDS leader Michael Lerner proclaims *The New Socialist Revolution* (Delacorte, $8.95). . . . *The Lodges of Massachusetts* is a family history by Alden Hatch (Hawthorn, $10). . . . David Holbrook makes *The Case against Pornography* for Library Press ($8.95). . . . *Cecil Beaton: Memoirs of the Forties* tells about his affair with Garbo (McGraw-Hill, $10). From the same house, *Visions of Cody* is an unpublished novel by Jack Kerouac ($8.95). . . . For those who still root for the cowboys, there's John Burke's *Buffalo Bill* (Putnam, $7.95). . . . *Silas Snobden's Office Boy* by Horatio Alger Jr. is a reprint with period illustrations (Doubleday, $5.95). For the same publisher, Henry Brandon of the (London) *Sunday Times* hails Nixon and Kissinger for staging *The Retreat of American Power* ($7.95).

■ BRITISH PUBLISHING: Inflation continues to narrow the gap between British and American books. Average price for new books in Britain in the first six months of 1971 (figuring the pound at $2.45) was $7.04. In the first six months of this year, the average was $7.62, up 8 per cent.

■ MARCH WINDS: *One Day When I Was Lost* is a screenplay about Malcolm X by James Baldwin (Dial, $5.95). For the same house, Herbert Molloy Mason Jr. traces *The Rise of the Luftwaffe* ($10). . . . *The Oxford Book of Children's Verse* collects the choicest from five hundred years ($10). . . . Revised edition of Robert Conquest's classic on the Stalin purges, *The Great Terror*, due out in hardbound and paperback from Macmillan ($8.95/$3.95). The same house offers Eugene Davidson's *The Nuremberg Fallacy*, a study of that tribunal's baleful effects on the postwar world ($8.95), and Murray Rothbard's *For a New Liberty* ($7.95). . . . *Congo Diary and Other Uncollected Pieces* is a new miscellany of Joseph Conrad pieces assembled for the first time in book form (Doubleday, $7.95).

mate against the extra carbon dioxide."

A procedure in spreading the doomsday syndrome is to publicize a sensational horror story. By the time the facts catch up, the tale has passed into the accepted mythology and, anyway, people don't like "unlearning" something. Maddox recounts one of these myths; the story that 25 per cent of all the DDT used is to be found, unchanged, in the ocean. The fable was based on an unconfirmed analysis of rainwater samples in Great Britain, one of which contained two insects. The 25 per cent figure was obtained by multiplying these results by the annual rainfall in the world, and guessing how much rain falls on the oceans. But if you go through the same exercise with an analysis reported for DDT in Florida rainwater, you find how silly the calculation is, because the result shows that four times the annual production of DDT falls into the sea! The committee that issued the report also omitted to mention a finding in the laboratory of one of the committee members that DDT decomposes on standing in seawater. It is too late—the news commentators, aided by Jacques-Yves Cousteau, have convinced the public that the oceans are full of DDT, and the fabrication has passed into at least one widely used science textbook.

Chapter Six, "Man-made Men," discusses the fears that have been expressed of "genetic engineering." Indeed, some of these fears have been whipped up by the scientists themselves, including J. D. Watson. I have never been able to understand what all the fuss is about. There is no more and no less danger to people in the possibilities for genetic engineering than in the possibility that the gas chambers of Auschwitz will be rebuilt. On the other hand, genetic engineering is now being used to produce new and useful strains of farm animals and crop plants. Perhaps, some day, the defective genes that cause hereditary diseases may be repaired by genetic engineering.

Joaquin Miller said that Columbus gave the New World "its grandest lesson—Sail on!" John Maddox tells us not to forget it. □

Respectable Killing
By K. D. Whitehead
Catholics United for the Faith, New Rochelle, N.Y., 294 pp., $3

THE UNCIVIL WAR

DOUGLAS W. COOPER

What will our descendants think of a society that seemed to care more for "endangered species" than for embryonic human beings? They may wonder how abortion could be tolerated, just as we wonder how our predecessors could tolerate slavery. In both cases, the victims were not regarded as fully human. Though not an *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, this book will greatly help those fighting abortion legalization, and this sometimes uncivil war is on.

The battle wagons of the pro-abortion warriors are pulled by the powerful troikas of hedonism, ethical relativism and women's liberation. They have won too many campaigns already. In New York State, legalized abortion has resulted in over 200,000 fetal deaths the first year. Despite a Pennsylvania law forbidding them, a Pennsylvania hospital did 1,850 abortions in the period 1968-1970, so relentless is the "Abortion Imperative," so tempting is freedom without responsibility.

Those who favor abortion because they don't consider the fetus human would deny the fetus the protection of law against murder, negligence and biological manipulation by the paternalistic state or the well-meaning mother. Those who consider it human, but expendable, threaten all of us who might someday become "inconvenient" to others.

The human-ness of the "fetus" is crucial, as Whitehead recognizes. From the moment of conception, the cells of the embryo carry its particular genetic code, which distinguishes them from the cells of the mother. Though attached to her, the embryo is not merely "part of the mother's body" to be ex-

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cised like an appendix or a mole. After eight weeks, there is a beating heart, a face, partially formed limbs, and electrical activity in the fetal brain. Those who would deny the humanity of the unborn child must, at the very least, do so on grounds they would apply consistently. If one's rights depend on how "human" one appears, then infants, the deformed, certain hippies and members of races other than the observer's may be imperiled. Birth brings only a change in degree of dependency, and freedom from dependency as a criterion of "human-ness" would jeopardize infants, welfare recipients and the infirm. The only safe criterion seems to be that supplied by biology: an *organism* is human if it carries the characteristic genetic code of *Homo sapiens*.

Mr. Whitehead understandably finds it ironic that the abortion "reform" crusade has intensified while improved medical practices have made it increasingly rare that abortion be necessary even to save the mother's life. Neither abortion nor giving birth places demonstrably less mental strain on the mentally unbalanced. Genetic defects are progressively better treated; children born to mothers who have German measles during the pregnancy have an 85 per cent chance of being born perfectly normal. Genetic defects would hardly seem an adequate excuse for one person to kill another in any case. The estimated seven hundred women a year who give birth following rape are victims of a crime the horror of which is magnified by the subsequent pregnancy, yet the organism conceived thereby is innocent. The "reformers" should be calling for greater deterrence and detention for rapists . . . but don't hold your breath hoping to hear that call.

Once one grants exceptions other than to save the life of the mother, Pandora's box is opened. "Reform" leads to repeal. If the unborn child can be sacrificed for "good reasons," then it has no *rights* and can be sacrificed for any reason. In such philosophical-political battles, those who are most logically consistent eventually win, as Mr. Whitehead perceives. Abortion is not "a private matter between doctor and mother." Privacy is desirable; private killing is not. Too often what isn't forbidden becomes compulsory; with legalized abortion doctors and nurses will be forced to participate in what they detest, when it becomes "standard practice," or face lawsuits. Furthermore, abortion will be subsidized through taxation; that first infamous year in New York cost the taxpayers $15 million. And what do those ninnies who say "You can't legislate morality" think is being done with laws against murder and theft? They are on a par with the great intellects who find Catholic objections "merely" religious, as though modern liberalism were not a secular religion!

RESPECTABLE KILLING is fact-filled and well-argued. The chapters on "reform" and legalization are excellent and Mr. Whitehead successfully explodes the "population explosion." A superb anti-abortion tract could be composed of these parts of *Respectable Killing* and Protestant theologian Paul Ramsey's magnificent article on the human-ness of the unborn child and its ethical implications in *The Morality of Abortion*, edited by J. T. Noonan Jr. The pro-abortion juggernaut is running into trouble, as the defeat of a pro-abortion referendum this November in Michigan attests. "Catholics can *stop* the abortion scourge—once they convince the politicians that one-fourth of the American electorate will simply not tolerate legalized abortion." This non-Catholic intends to vote that way, too. □

The New Chastity and Other Arguments against Women's Liberation
By Midge Decter
Coward, 188 pp., $5.95

MUD TURTLES OF WOMEN'S LIB

PAT KENNEDY

At last, the womb-beaters of Women's Lib get theirs. Most early opposition to The Movement was expressed in the rather lame argument, "but they're all so homely . . ." Then came Steinem and Greer and Millett, quashing that line. Those who abstained from the fray were left uneasily mute, lacking a champion to articulate their misgivings. Till now. Former *Harper's* editor Midge Decter (Mrs. Norman [*Commentary*] Podhoretz) has come to the rescue, her loins girded for battle, her arms loaded with ammo for defending the conscientious objectors' positions. The shrill cries of "Down with pants—up with skirts!" might now at least be a little subdued. But Miz Decter had best be on guard in dark streets, against women chauvinists and other female muggers.

Decter's major change against the libbies is that, basically, they seek not equal responsibility with men but flight from responsibility, that, faced with those choices before them regarding their individual modes of existence, women, having made their choices, are now unwilling to bear the consequences. They resent the options open to men, yet seek to usurp the availability of those options for themselves, so that they can do what men can. Now that many of those options *are* available to women, they often rail against the inevitable concomitants of any particular one. For instance, some demand that women be admitted to Annapolis; how many want to be sent to the Gulf of Tonkin, just like men? My own gut-reaction had always been: What the hell's so great about being a man—or in a man's position, for that matter? And I pretty much let it go at that, having been there for a number of years already, thank you all very much.

Nevertheless, there's a great deal more to a persuasive analysis of the current hot phase of the intersexual war, and Decter's ready. She refutes the lib notion that every duty normally called domestic, those "keeping life going" chores, is "s--twork" and, as such, is always relegated to women, freeing men to do all the fun things. Like change a tire. Unstop a plugged john. Fire a recalcitrant office boy. She points out that while women were consigned to work premised on "pseudo-scientific" BS (nursing, not doctoring; teaching freshman comp, not journalism), men had as their exclusive domain all the "hard sciences," from which women had been methodically excluded, told they were unfit for such taxing endeavor, being much too sensitive and perceptive; try social work, sweets.

Much has been made of the analogy between the position of women and that of Negroes in American culture, and here's a singular similarity: If allowances must be made because of the deleterious effects of acculturation,

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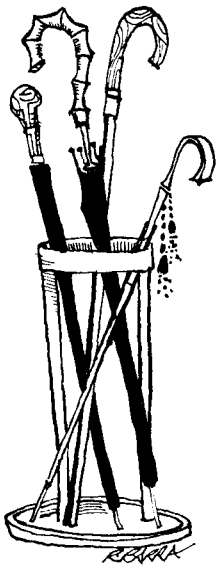
then have not those who demand such special treatment in effect declared themseves unsuited for unadulterated competition? This matter, however, reveals one of the few weaknesses of *The New Chastity*: its attitude toward competition. Decter slides over it as though it were something we shouldn't discuss in polite society. Yet the subject of competition is implicit in the very theme of the book. Midge Decter sees women's lib wanting a world without competition, where one's worth is determined according to some God-knows-what nebulous criterion—perhaps, as Theodor Reik said, just "because I *need* it." She never comes right out and says so, but Midge Decter may be a crypto-capitalist; she certainly faults her sisters for resisting the idea of competing with men to achieve or attain what they hold so damnably worth competing *for*. She makes clear the fallacy of their position, but skirts an explicit examination of the obvious alternative.

Do the libbers really want to compete? Decter doesn't emphasize the simple fact that the individual is defined by what he or she (or z) does in competition with his/her peers; that definition can be determined only in the context of comparison to others. Those averse to competition seek, ultimately, a world of mud turtles: roll over on your log to catch the sun, forsaking the shade at your whim—ah, 'twere paradise enow.



Women's lib, as Decter eviscerates it, enshrines an attitude of perpetual little girlhood seeking grown-up prizes. You don't have to work, she criticizes them for believing; you don't have to struggle with anyone or strive for anything, and, what's more, it's somehow immoral that one should *have* to. All that can fairly be expected of any human being is that she *crave*, whether sunshine or shade, and it must be granted.

Include me out. And, obviously, Midge Decter. We both find pusillanimous women's lib screechers who hide from commitment to femininity, including maternity and responsibility for the issue thereof. And no one will find in Decter's words any Millettish apology for cowardice, nor, I think, should any woman who is genuinely liberated accept such. Crudity and vulgarity may now be laid to rest; a responsible woman, sister Midge, has spoken. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SINCERITY AND AUTHENTICITY, *by Lionel Trilling (Harvard, 188 pp., $6.95).* This is a fine, small thing. Trilling examines Personality and the cultural view of it in six lectures given at Harvard. A leviathan subject: he has perforce to skip around—the novel, Freud, Rousseau, Diderot—from the sixteenth century when men first discovered autobiography and mirrors, to the now, when self is pre-eminent and oppressive. The book flashes brilliance—better than brilliance, wisdom. Trilling separates the four-century-old value of Sincerity (being true to oneself in terms of an accepted morality) and the modern value of Authenticity (being true to oneself, period). Trilling, a traditional and now superannuated liberal, is hesitant, polite, but finally defiant of the New Left —how very profoundly the experience of spring '68 at Columbia must have hurt this shy and gentle man. He closes by repudiating the radical concept that insanity is the only sanity, the only authenticity, in an insane society. I found his ultimate words powerful and moving, "Yet the doctrine that madness is health . . . receives a happy welcome from a consequential part of the educated public . . . each one of us a Christ—but with none of the inconveniences of undertaking to intercede, of being a sacrifice, of reasoning with rabbis, of making sermons, of having disciples, of going to weddings and to funerals, of beginning something and at a certain point remarking that it is finished."

D. K. MANO

TROTSKY AND THE JEWS, *by Joseph Nedava (Jewish Publication Society, 299 pp., $6).* It is unfortunate that the limitations imposed by the title, and the parochial auspices of this book, will keep it from having the wide circulation it deserves. Joseph Nedava, professor of political science at Haifa University, has written an important work, with universal as well as particular appeal. The fact that the movement Lev Davidovich Bronstein (Trotsky) founded with Lenin is today totally anti-Zionist and often antisemitic is part of the tragedy of Bronstein-Trotsky. A tragedy because he, more than any person then alive, foresaw the coming of the Nazi holocaust. But in 1921, the chief rabbi of Moscow remarked (after an appeal on behalf of his co-religionists had been turned down by the all-powerful Trotsky): "The Trotskys make the revolution and the Bronsteins pay the bill." The book is as rich in quotations as it is in scholarship. One concerns perhaps the most widely known aspect of the Trotsky story —his conflict with Stalin. Commenting on this, George Steiner notes that the clash was one "between a national technocrat and a Jewish Marxist trapped in the ruins of utopia." A bullseye!

M. GELTMAN

STRESS AND DISTRESS: *A Psychiatrist's Guide to Modern Living, by Alfred Eyres and Alfred Dorn (A. S. Barnes, 291 pp., $6.95).* Here, for once, is psychiatry without the mumbo-jumbo. Actual case histories are described (with names changed), and they come to life thanks to the trick of transcribing the taped interviews between doctor and patient. Alternating chapters between case histories and general exposition, Eyres and Dorn discuss biochemistry, emotional control, electrotherapy, parents *v.* children, humor, sex, neurosis and psychosis, phobias, obsessions, depression, schizophrenia, involutional psychosis, hormones *und so weiter*. The book is distinguished by its everyday language (so breezy, in fact, as to need a thorough editing), by the common-sense approach taken by its authors, and by their faith that in many "psychiatric" cases the most important thing is the existence of free will and the effort of the "patient" to alter his own habits. I read the book while my library was filled with purple vampire bats and learned a lot.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

MASTER OF MIDDLE-EARTH: *The Fiction of J. R. R. Tolkien, by Paul H. Kocher (Houghton, 247 pp., $5.95).* Mr. Richard West, whom I take to be our best critic of Tolkien criticism, has been quoted in the publisher's advertisements as saying this is the best single volume yet published on Tolkien's theory and practice of fantasy. I am constrained to agree with him—partly, to be sure, because there is not much competition for the honor, but more because Professor Kocher has examined all the author's fiction (including "Imram" and "Aotrou and Itroun"). The book is filled with very good things indeed, the discussion of elven time, for example (but why must Professor Kocher use the word "elfin"?), and in fact the whole chapter on "The Free Peoples" in which it appears. Yet my final impression is that more, much more, remains to be done, in essays and monographs, lectures and conferences, before (if ever) the definitive work on Tolkien can be written. Perhaps Professor Kocher will help in that endeavor: he has started well.

J. C. LOBDELL

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WILLIAMS

(Continues from page 1410)

spirited young man, and when Kathleen Widdoes' Beatrice commands him to "Kill Claudio," it is greeted with the wide, spacious laughter of an audience appreciative of a lovely, fighting champion of feminism. This Beatrice and Benedick grow toward a wise but totally young capitulation to love.

Throughout, the play is given a high romantic treatment, allowing a precisely apt double vision in which we grant romance one moment and laugh at it the next. The scene at the "dead" Hero's monument is both tenderly wrought and gently mocked when mourning townspeople gather under black umbrellas with candles to sing with Claudio his hymn to lost love, while above the gazebo, others sprinkle a sweet, sad rain of silver confetti over the scene. Peter Link's music touches the play at the right moments to set the romance in delicate quotation marks and, at the same time, enchants us.

At times the motif may caricature, but there are not extraneous effects and there is not a scene, not a line that Antoon has not shaped with care and talent. This is another credit to producer Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival; it was seen in Central Park this summer. If you're giving yourself holiday theater tickets, give yourself *Much Ado.*

UP IN New Haven, meanwhile, they're staging the *Congressional Record.* The Yale Repertory Theatre has premiered a work by theater critic Eric Bentley entitled *Are You Now or Have You Ever Been,* a long reportage arrangement of segments of testimony given by members of the theater and film professions before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. As such the work is neither a play nor really a documentary, and the insistent question is *why this*? It contributes little to our further understanding of the issues, the era, or the men and women involved. Thus for all the author's good intentions, the work seems in the end something of a gratuitous theatricalization of issues and lives that suffered considerably from that at the time. If he intended a political indictment of the Committee, his work does not exploit the possibilities. He has set forth the agonies of the witnesses as self-explanatory and dramatically self-sufficient. If that were true, newspapers would be plays and journalists, poets. What we

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have then, is a replay, a quasi-imitation, and we were distracted from that any time a performance asserted some theatrical life of its own.

The staging evokes the committee room; a black apron stage set with curving shiny black tables trimmed with serious, chrome microphones trailing grey cables, and in the center a Kleig-lighted witness chair. The *Lehrstuck* is complete with projection screens above which provide exposition in that undecorative pica type that we all know spells pure truth. Fifteen men and one woman play both the Committee and the sixteen witnesses Bentley has chosen. On the theater walls are large photos of Bertolt Brecht, Charlie Chaplin, Harry Truman at the piano, Thomas Jefferson, and Richard Nixon. There is an occasional heavy scent of sanctimony.

The impressions given range from witness Abe Burrows never getting *Guys and Dolls* on film (MGM 1955) because his testimony was "vague," to Paul Robeson being a wise, heroic champion of the black who preferred Stalin to Mississippi. The greater problem is that nowhere in the work do we learn anything about the forces and fears that brought Bentley's villain congressmen (who are never named) and these witnesses to this room. Without this, both the drama and history are incomplete.

Yale Repertory Theatre, under Robert Brustein, former *New Republic* critic, is usually theater starring ideologies of some kind, and short of its possibilities because of disproportionate concern with the playwright as thinker and too little with artistic leadership and development. A vision of theater as a kind of canny ideological seminar for the uninitiated leaves it far from being the aesthetic whole, engendered in fresh imaginations, that one hoped Brustein sought with his ringing phrase of a few years ago, "No more masterpieces." Mr. Antoon's Shapespeare is a masterpiece, a gift of the imagination. □

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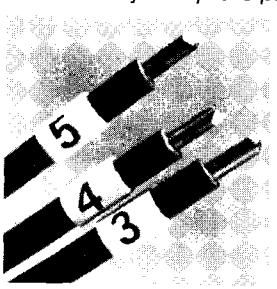

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McKERNAN

(Continued from page 1405)

People are getting killed every day in Cleveland and Chicago. Move only at your own risk." Then I disappear to another store.

A month ago I went and bought an apron, a cutter, a pricer and a duster. I dressed up and went to work, actually went to work, at the Finast Store on Fourteenth Street. I was able to hand out fifty cards a day while getting a free lunch of blueberries, walnuts and yogurt. I was fired by the manager who caught me eating two damson plums while looking through the one-way mirror in the dairy case at a beautiful Puerto Rican girl in purple hot pants. He told me I was "terminated" and that I must turn in my smock immediately. I told him it was mine and that I didn't work there anyway. I laughed at him and disappeared out the front door waving the plum I hadn't eaten. You wouldn't believe it if I told you he came up to the warehouse last Saturday and wanted to buy fifty head of lettuce. I smiled and sold him sixty for $1.85 apiece.

I am making so much money that I think I will take a vacation in Florida soon. I want to thank Señor Chavez because while his workers are getting laid off on the West Coast I am becoming a rich man. And someday, when I have made, literally, a ton of money, I am going to take some time off and write a long fiction piece about my experience in the green scene. It will have a lot to say, and perhaps even name names of all those people I have come to know intimately who say one thing in public about lettuce and yet who trudge up three flights of dimly lit stairs on Saturday morning to buy ten heads of the green. It will read a little bit like Nathaniel Hawthorne's short story "Young Goodman Brown." □

SPIERS

(Continued from page 1404)

> The serious constitutional problem would seem to be not whether [the law] advances religion, but whether denial to children of financial assistance for secular education, just because their consciences cause them to go to schools that also teach religion, would unconstitutionally inhibit religion and, therefore, violate the "free exercise" clause [of the Constitution].

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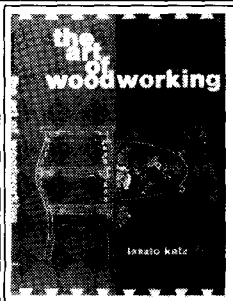

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On The Right

Frisking: The Social Dividend

New York, Dec. 4—The American Civil Liberties Union has expressed concern over the procedures by which airline travelers are being searched and, especially, the consequences of many of such searches. It is the ACLU's point that the hijacking problem is proving to be an invitation to lawlessness by federal agents.

The raw data are these. During the past 22 months, six thousand airline travelers were arrested after being searched. But only 20 per cent of these were arrested for carrying contraband related directly to hijacking. The federal regulations involving airplanes tell you that you cannot take aboard weapons which are related to the hijacking enterprise. For instance, you can't carry aboard a machine gun, or a mortar, or a pistol, or a Bowie knife. But what if you carry aboard, say, a pound of heroin? It is unreasonable for the people who search you to contend that it was your intention to stick the pilot with a hypodermic needle, transfuse him with rapid joy, and in his transfixed condition coo him into taking you to Havana. In this sense the ACLU people are as a matter of fact quite plausible. The passengers who have been arrested, while in the process of boarding aircraft carrying drugs, can't legitimately be thought of as passengers interdicted from the act of hijacking.

THE GENERIC point is therefore raised: Should an arresting officer be permitted to opportunize on chance discoveries of contraband? The principal judicial finding, thus far, is that of Judge Jack Weinstein, federal judge of the eastern district of New York, who ruled eighteen months ago that a frisker is entitled to move against targets of opportunity. "If a 'frisk' for weapons is conducted in good faith to locate a weapon believed to be present on the basis of information generated by a well-administered federal antihijacking system and does not go beyond the limits of what is required to uncover such an object, seizure of evidence in crimes other than those involved in boarding aircraft with a weapon is justified. The officer need not close his eyes to evidence of other crimes which he may uncover."

The Fourth Amendment of the Constitution protects us against "unreasonable searches and seizures." It would be unreasonable—to reach for an example—for federal (or state) agents to search on boarding, say, the bus from Winnetka to Chicago: for the simple reason that there isn't a sufficient historical incidence, on the bus from Winnetka to Chicago, of busjackers. The need for airborne security, by contrast, is historically demonstrated.

But, admitting the constitutionality of search, what about the constitutionality of seizure: of unrelated contraband? The ACLU veers toward saying that you can't seize it. Technically the questions are various. a) Can you seize it? (Yes, is most people's answer.) b) Can you offer it in evidence in order to prosecute the passengers from whom you seized it? (Yes, is Judge Weinstein's answer; no, the ACLU-types seem to be saying.)

As regards the latter point, one runs into the generic precedent of *Weeks* versus *the United States*, which found in 1914 against the use as evidence of illegally *seized* material. It is not clear that the Weeks ban would apply in the disputed cases: because if John Jones is legally searched, and found to have in his possession illegal goods, it hasn't been established that these are inadmissible. They are, one would think, a social dividend. If, on investigating Lizzie Borden's quarters in search of an axe, one finds instead a hand grenade, the operative judicial assumption is that you can not only seize it but also introduce it into whatever court is concerned with pressing anti-hand grenade laws.

The philosophical point gradually crystallizes, and it bears of course on the great socio-juridical question: How do you even up the disequilibrium now working in favor of the criminal? The ACLU-types are fanatically concerned with the defendant's rights. They are never around to suggest judicial or legislative reforms designed to strengthen the hand of the innocent. They are not even there to give him artificial respiration. The ACLU was eloquent in its indifference to the militants who interfered with the rights of professors and students who in recent years sought to express their own rights to free speech. They are now preparing to take a hijacking dilemma and run with it in the same old direction. □

FUSION FOR NEW YORK CITY?

New York, Nov. 28—In New York City, the talk is of a "fusion" candidate for mayor. Governor Rockefeller has come out explicitly for such a man, and the borough leaders are known to favor the idea. The reaction by the critics is a curious blend of democratist ideology, and misguided civic-mindedness.

I have lost my appetite for billingsgate at the expense of John Lindsay. His humiliation last spring when he ran for President was quite enough punishment for such vainglory as he was given to. Beyond that, it is hard to blame an individual for the shortcomings of an ideology that has imprisoned him. If you believe (let us say) that all schoolchildren will grow up like John Milton if only you double the educational budget of the schools, and so you double the educational budget of the schools and hesto presto the children are illiterate, you can indulge yourself in only just so much personal recrimination and remain within the boundaries of reason. It is mechanistic liberalism that is the target, not the spokesmen for that liberalism.

The fact of the matter is that John Lindsay has been a very bad mayor. Primarily because of his reliance on ideology. It is embarrassing to reel off the failures. When in 1965 he ran, he promised to reduce the budget. He doubled it. The welfare rolls would go down. They have quadrupled. Crime would lessen. Up 100 per cent. Schools would improve. The reading ability of New York schoolchildren is at an all-time low. And so on.

People whose concern for New York City extends beyond their attachment to ideological orthodoxy quite simply

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want to do something about it. And they recognize that in order to do something about it it is urgent that New York acquire a working mayor of great managerial competence, and that the authority of the "bosses" be restored sufficiently to revive effective government. Yet the idea of a "fusion" mayor, which by the way was hailed by Lindsay himself when he was hoping to receive the endorsement of as many parties as possible in 1965, has been bitterly attacked by the *New York Times* as a Code Word for bossism. The *New York Times*, which backed Lindsay ardently in 1965 and again in 1969 and thereby did its best to make New York uninhabitable, now denounces the proposed rescue expedition as "inimical to democracy."

Well, it may very well be inimical to democracy in the sense that if the idea goes forward the number of choices presented to the voter narrows. But the *New York Times* is ambivalent on the matter of choices. When the Conservative Party, remarking that there were precious few differences between nominees of the Democratic and Republican Parties, decided to field a candidate or two of its own, the *Times* thundered against political divisiveness and sectarianism. The *New York Times*' use of theory has always been customized—decide what you want, and weave a theoretical case to support it.

If the regular Democrats and the Republicans join together to name the same man, and if that man also has the backing of the Conservative Party, no doubt the Liberals will nominate their own man. The historical experience of New York shows that a man can win the mayoralty running even on a ticket designed exclusively for his own use:—it happened to Vincent Impellitteri in 1950 . . . If the Liberals want to renominate Mr. Lindsay, nobody is going to stop them. But even as the anti-Allende parties in Chile are beginning to make common cause to save the republic, there is no democratic imperative that prevents leaders of the two major parties in New York from seeking to rescue the city from political factionalism and the return to power of an ideological candidate. The choice or choices of the Democrats and Republicans are subject to disavowal by the voters in political primaries. But it is unreasonable to argue that they do not have the right to cooperate according to their best lights; to save New York from four more years of stewardship by such a candidate as appeals to the reckless abstractionists who write editorials for the *New York Times*. □

CRISIS IN PRINCETON

New York, Dec. 10 —There is a most amusing, and not uninstructive, hassle going on in Princeton, and here is the narrative.

A young man called T. Harding Jones, freshly graduated last spring, agreed to serve as editor of a modest publication called *Prospect* Magazine, financed by a few Princeton alumni who are concerned about the direction of Princeton education. They are conservatives who feel that in recent years Princeton has become unbalanced politically and ideologically, rather a center for liberal and radical indoctrination, than for orderly and dispassionate study. There are lots of ways of looking into such questions. The easiest being to ask professors whom they voted for, particularly in this last election, since the differences between Nixon and McGovern are symbolically decisive. Accordingly, Jones decided to take a poll.

A poll had been taken four years earlier, by the *Daily Princetonian*, the student newspaper. That poll resulted in 71 per cent for Humphrey, 7 per cent for Nixon and 7 per cent for Dick Gregory. That last passes for humor in the faculty lounges of the Ivy League, but let it pass. Jones was eager to see what, among the learned community of Princeton, had been the movement of opinion as regards Nixon between 1968, when faced with a liberal-moderate, and 1972, when faced with a liberal-radical.

To his dismay, he learned that the *Princetonian*, for reasons unknown, did not plan to take a poll this year. So Jones, who is more enterprising than Colonel Sanders, called the president of the Whig-Clio Society, a debate and public discussion group, and asked him if Whig-Clio, a plausible sponsor for such a poll, would agree to address the ballot to members of the faculty. Jones agreed to pick up the cost of printing and mailing the ballots, and the president of Whig-Clio went along. The ballots went out to five hundred members of the faculty.

When they came back, the preliminary tabulation revealed that McGovern was the favorite of the Princeton faculty by 82 per cent, Nixon running second with 7 per cent, and Doctor Spock, Shirley Chisholm, and Mickey Mouse running way behind. In other words, while the country went for Nixon up from 44 per cent in '68 to 61 per cent in 1972, the Princeton faculty stayed, unmoved, at 7 per cent for Nixon, and gave Dick Gregory's old votes to McGovern. Even so, young Mr. Jones pronounced himself as very encouraged, because this time he counted three members of the Social Science and Humanities departments voting for Nixon whereas last time there had been none.

It is perhaps on account of this embarrassment that rumbles began to be heard from the faculty, and before long it transpired that the poll had not in fact been initiated by Whig-Clio, but instead by young Jones, acting for *Prospect* Magazine. The council of Whig-Clio thundered against the deception as did members of the faculty. Jones replied that he had no apologies to make, that he simply assumed that any political poll sponsored by an ideologically uncommitted body would elicit more accurate replies. "You wouldn't expect the Young Republicans or the SDS to be ideal sponsors of such a poll," he said.

One professor of politics, Edward R. Tufte, said that the poll's results couldn't be trusted because among other things, you couldn't trust the response rate. But in fact over 40 per cent of the faculty replied to the poll. Relying on a very small fraction of 1 per cent Gallup was able to predict the outcome of the last presidential election to within a single point. It was Professor Knapp of the English Department who really said what the faculty protestors had in mind when he questioned "whether the faculty should ever be polled on anything."

What strange immunities, these faculty members want. *Time* Magazine pollsters published, shortly before election day, detailed breakdowns based on polls of old men, old women, young men, young women, students, non-students, engineers, doctors, Negroes, Jews, Catholics, Adventists, lesbians, vegetarians: Why shouldn't the faculty of Princeton University divulge their views on their political preferences? No one contests that answering Whig-Clio's postcards was obligatory, and nobody can cogently maintain that it was a substantive deception for Jones to desire the same information routinely elicited only four years ago by the college newspaper.

It is curious how so many of those who are constantly talking about the free flow of information should recoil from contributing to that free flow of information. Well, the faculty succeeded in intimidating the poor students of Whig-Clio. They have pledged to write letters of apology to all the faculty members polled. I recommend to Mr. Jones that after ascertaining the final count, he leak the figures to Mr. Dan Ellsberg who can in turn give them out to the Associated Press. That would silence the Princeton faculty: And who could object to that? □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. The mother of John the Baptist
27 220 78 214 33 90 145 101 196

B. Where sailors keep needles and thread
53 106 92 143 9 24 48 197

C. The angel who appeared to Mary and Zacharias
57 88 168 161 125 136 12

D. A plant without leaves
68 18 96 89 13 108 116

E. Excessively refined
77 138 147 189 155 200 195 135 219

F. Bordered on
85 217 194 114 169 148 126

G. One of the provinces of Palestine
111 120 174 73 218 159 62

H. Not broken into pieces
124 6 207 212 23 44 215 97 103 130 210

I. A young man
19 31 40 46 60 91

J. The Psalmist walked through the valley of the _____
170 4 11 26 37 39 51 140 164 176 180 211 8

K. The most excellent man to whom Luke addressed the Christmas story
186 29 35 133 137 150 209 173 67 178

L. In any case
206 121 185 149 162 201

M. Where the Savior was born
34 2 7 17 58 158 208 216 154 25 56

N. Having a thin, sharp countenance
43 20 28 75 93 127 128 36 160 175 213 182

O. Clears up
38 55 63 66 70 49 95 14

P. Isaac's half brother
50 99 129 183 177 151 109

Q. A psychoneurotic condition from which soldiers exposed to modern warfare suffer
64 76 30 94 107 193 112 190 42 202

R. A heavy handwoven reversible textile with pictorial designs
71 184 144 153 79 113 139 188

S. One of the women who ministered unto the Savior of their substance
87 16 52 65 81 118 123 165 172 69 179 181 192

T. Any material used in attack or defense
102 15 98 167 203 5 105 110 199 222

U. A heavy cotton flannel with a thick nap on the face made with sateen weave
104 1 82 152 74 59 226 205 163

V. Popular candies
142 115 204 21 221 61 224 132 32 47

W. Filled with reverent wonder
146 117 131 84

X. An ordered recurrent alternation of strong and weak elements in the flow of sound and silence in speech
156 171 86 134 187 191

Y. A long wandering usually marked by many changes of fortune
166 122 119 83 100 141 157

Z. A boxer weighing more than 126 but not over 135 pounds
198 54 223 45 3 10 22 41 225 72 80

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1420 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 U	2 M	3 Z	4 J	5 T	6 H	■	7 M	8 J	9 B	■	10 Z	11 J	12 C	13 D	14 O	■	15 T	16 S	17 M
■	18 D	19 I	20 N	21 V	22 Z	■	23 H	24 B	25 M	26 J	27 A	■	28 N	29 K	30 Q	■	31 I	32 V	33 A
34 M	35 K	■	36 N	37 J	38 O	■	39 J	40 I	41 Z	42 O	43 N	■	44 H	45 Z	46 I	■	47 V	48 B	49 O
50 P	51 J	52 S	■	53 B	54 Z	55 O	56 M	■	57 C	58 M	59 U	■	60 I	61 V	62 G	63 O	64 Q	■	65 S
66 O	67 K	■	68 D	69 S	70 O	■	71 R	72 Z	73 G	74 U	■	75 N	76 Q	77 E	78 A	79 R	80 Z	81 S	82 U
83 Y	■	84 W	85 P	86 X	■	87 S	88 C	89 D	■	90 A	91 I	92 B	93 N	94 O	95 O	96 D	97 H	98 T	99 P
■	100Y	101A	102T	103H	■	104U	105T	106B	107Q	108D	■	109P	110T	111G	112Q	113R	■	114F	115V
116D	■	117W	118S	119Y	■	120G	121L	122Y	■	123S	124H	125C	126F	127N	■	128N	129P	130H	131W
■	132V	133K	■	134X	135E	136C	■	137K	138E	139R	140J	141Y	142V	143B	■	144R	145A	146W	147E
148F	■	149L	150K	151P	152U	■	153R	154M	155E	156X	157Y	■	158M	159G	160N	161C	■	162L	163U
164J	■	165S	166Y	167T	168C	169F	■	170J	171X	172S	173K	174G	■	175N	176J	177P	178K	179S	■
180J	181S	182N	■	183P	184R	185L	■	186K	187X	188R	■	189E	190Q	191X	192S	■	193Q	194F	195E
196A	■	197B	198Z	199T	200E	201L	■	202Q	203T	204V	205U	■	206L	207H	■	208M	209K	210H	■
211J	212H	213N	■	214A	215H	216M	217F	218G	219E	■	220A	221V	222T	223Z	■	224V	225Z	226U	■

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Milliken's new MILSTAR® carpet rejuvenates run-down schools.

Recommended by a renovation expert after carpet comparison studies.

A low-cost renovation project, featuring MILSTAR carpeting in halls and classrooms, has resulted in "a rebirth" of three schools, says William M. Payne, Superintendent of Schools, Wakulla County, Fla.

"This is a miracle."

"I believe we've increased the life of these buildings at least ten or fifteen years. This is the best thing we've ever done for the boys and girls. This renovation will raise achievement levels. With a noise coefficient of .45, we just don't have a noise problem with this carpet."

Milliken's MILSTAR Solar Nova carpet was recommended by a noted renovation consultant on the faculty of a large university after extensive comparison studies.

Why MILSTAR?

A totally new concept in commercial carpeting, MILSTAR is specifically engineered to the needs of public areas:

Longer Wear. Fuse-bonded into vinyl plastisol, providing resilience and wear equal to or better than the finest tufted and woven constructions.

Less Maintenance. Impermeable soil-barrier back traps dirt on surface, contains liquid spills in pile, makes cleaning easier.

Permanent Tuft Lock. Superior to any other cut pile construction.

Florida sand and sun create carpet proving ground.

Ronald E. Hinson, principal of the largest school, says that the carpet, installed in the summer rainy season before they had a vacuum cleaner, "was allowed to get very dirty, filled with sand before we started. But it looks brand new now." The custodian reports that cleaning time of MILSTAR carpeted floors is one-fourth that of old wood floors.

With pile of 70% solution-dyed Acrilan® acrylic fiber and 30% super light-fast nylon, MILSTAR Solar Nova colors are fade-resistant, thrive in sunlight. With MILSTAR's insulating qualities, air conditioning is more efficient, heating costs are cut, and—as seen above—pupils sat comfortably on the floor until new chairs arrived.

PLUS

MILSTAR and the bond issue.

With so many school bond issues being vetoed by taxpayers, renovation with carpet becomes essential. MILSTAR is the *only* carpet that assures *all* the vital performance qualities. As Superintendent Payne sums it up: "After our experience here, I feel that this is the best money we can invest." For complete information on MILSTAR for school projects, call or write Deering Milliken, Inc., Contract Carpet Manager, LaGrange, Ga. 30240. (404) 883-5511.

MILLIKEN

Floor Covering Business, LaGrange, Ga.

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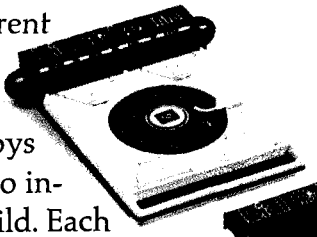
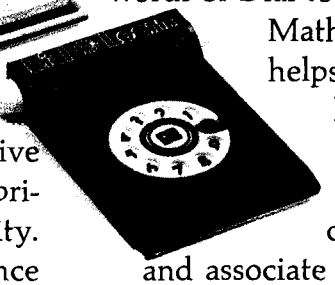
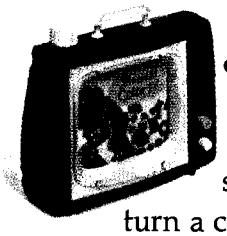
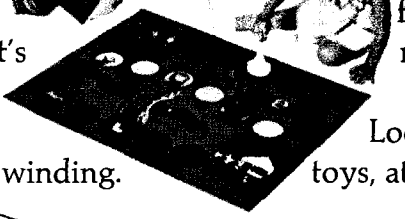
Ohio Art Toys Give Happiness

Through hour after hour after hour of play. Naturally, a parent wonders why this is so and we'd like to tell you. Ohio Art toys are designed to involve the child. Each has a built-in challenge with a reward in direct ratio to active participation. Each is appropriate within the range of ability. This makes a happy experience of play—time after time. Isn't that what you want from toys for your children? And that's what the eight shown here do! Self contained Etch A Sketch (top) offers unlimited creative challenges to draw, design, doodle. Bizzy Buzz Buzz's variable squiggly lines turn a child's mind pictures into his own works of art. And Ohio Art's Musical Color TV is just right for little mimics. Happy responses to simple winding.

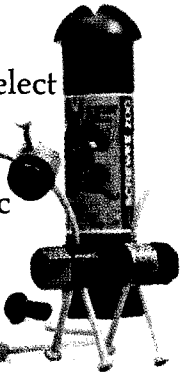


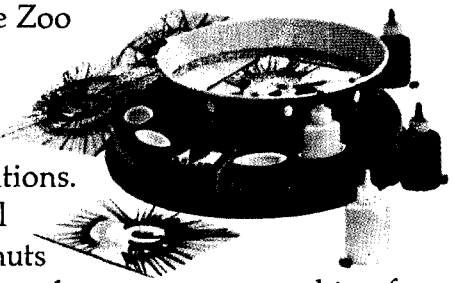






For true educational toys select either Dial-to-Learn/Spell which helps children learn the alphabet and spell basic words or Dial-to-Learn/Math which helps children learn simple mathematics. Cubee helps children count, recognize colors and associate pictures and numbers. Screwee Zoo nudges tender young imaginations. Colorful plastic nuts and bolts of various sizes combine for creative visual play. Mod art is the immediate result from dripping water soluble non-toxic paint onto a spinning Twirl-O-Paint card. Look for Ohio Art's world of toys, at toy counters everywhere.





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